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# OREGON

AS IT IS;

ITS

PRESENT AND FUTURE

BY A

RESIDENT FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS,

BEING A REPLY TO INQUIRERS.

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By W. L. ADAMS.  
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PORTLAND, OREGON:

DAILY BULLETIN STEAM BOOK AND JOB PRINTING ROOMS.  
1873.



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## OREGON AS IT IS.

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PORTLAND, OREGON, *February, 20, 1873.*

JAMES JOHNSON, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Your letter of February 5th, asking for information about Oregon has been received. The questions you ask are much the same, as those contained in very many letters, which are constantly written by people east of the Rocky Mountains, to friends who now reside on this coast. It seems strange, indeed, to us, that eastern people generally know so little about this part of the Union, after so much has been done by the good people here to enlighten you, about the very matters you confess your ignorance upon. The letters, pamphlets, books, and official reports that have been published about the country, seem to have never reached the masses over with you; or if they have reached you, they have been cast aside without being read. Perhaps some have read them, and received them as mere idle tales, or gross exaggerations gotten up in the main by interested parties, anxious, perhaps, to sell lands, or swell the profits of the carrying trade.

I judge that you are one of the latter class, as you seem to have your attention strongly directed towards the setting sun, and ask for "*reliable information, that a man can tie to, the naked truth, and nothing else.*" It is true, there have been many exaggerated accounts of this far off country published—accounts which have *deceived* a few people, and brought now and then a man to Oregon, who should have remained in Pike, or on the "Warbash," where catfish thrive, and hog and hominy grow spontaneously. God never intended that such men should "multiply and replenish" this part of the earth. No people more sincerely regret the publication of exaggerated statements than do Oregonians generally. We want settlers,

it is true, but we want only such as our country is adapted to. Such as would be better off, and happier here than they could possibly be in any state east of the Rocky Mountains. We have a population of something over a hundred thousand people scattered over a State, more than twice as large as New York, and more than twelve times as large as Massachusetts. Many of these people, like myself, have lived here, about twenty-five years; some much longer. As a general rule, those who have lived here the longest like it the best, and I believe that *nineteen-twentieths* of our people are dogmatical in expressing the opinion that, taking everything into account, Oregon is the *best, much* the best State in the Union. A vast majority of us, while we do not believe Oregon would suit everybody, *do* believe that there are at least ten million people more in the United States, who would be much benefitted by a change of residence from the east to this coast. Do not understand that I mean to say that only ten millions of people could live in Oregon. England is but little more than half as large as Oregon, yet it is the home of over nineteen millions. If we had as many people to the square mile as Massachusetts has, we should have over fifteen millions in a State, taking every acre of it—mountains, valleys, plains and all, which, as an agricultural country, is much superior to Massachusetts. The majority of the settlers here, like me, were born and reared in the best portion of the Mississippi valley. We know what *rich* land is, and we could not be induced to settle on any other kind to make farms of. We, western people, are pleased with the character of our soil; while that portion of our people who came from York State and New England, where they are compelled to manure, are delighted with it. Now, in writing this letter, I intend to tell you the whole truth, to exaggerate nothing I shall say, either of the good qualities, or the bad features of the country. I shall speak of both the good and bad, so far as I have been able to learn them, during a residence here, of just a quarter of a century, lacking five months and seven days. You will find before you get through with this letter, that although, if what I tell you is true (and it shall be), we have got a splendid *good* country; a better country, according to my opinion, according to the opinion of Vice President Colfax, who has been here, and the opinion of more than ten thousand other people—than any other part of North America; we have got no heaven here. If we had, it wouldn't suit everybody, and we should now and then see a poor fellow returning to Missouri to hear a favorite preacher there, or to embrace his idols—a “cracklin pone of corn bread” and a “warnuck colored par of breeches.” I have just read a letter

written in Oregon, and published in a Missouri paper, in which the writer berates the country terribly. His main objection to it seems to be, that "It is too poor to raise anything but wheat." Now just why it takes a very *poor* soil to raise very fine wheat, is, perhaps, plainer to him, and his friends in Missouri, than it is to most Oregonians. Just here, for fear I forget some of the *disadvantages* of Oregon, you are informed that you will get just as dark a picture as you want by writing to "Johnny Stuart," Monmouth, Oregon — the author of the letter I have alluded to. No *intelligent* man is ever deceived by these croakers, who write back pretended descriptions of this country, because they never give any statistics or figures. They never speak of the aggregate products of the country, because their minds cannot grasp it. They never allude to a thermometer, because they don't know what a thermometer is. They wouldn't know which end up to hang it if they had one. When they read in the papers that the thermometer went down to twenty, thirty, and thirty-five degrees below zero on several occasions back east this winter, they didn't really know whether it was freezing or thawing; but when they read that a man in Chicago got up one morning and found that the thermometer had come into the house during the night, and seated itself in the chimney corner "because it was too cold for it to stay out of doors;" they believed it was true, and concluded that there must have been "a right smart frost" in Chicago that night. I presume that such men as these over with you cannot credit what I have to say about the

#### CLIMATE OF OREGON,

When I tell them that it is as mild as the climate of Georgia — because they have heard that Oregon is as far north as Canada. But how can the common people be supposed to be posted as to our climate, when an editor of such a leading journal as the Cleveland (Ohio) *Herald* refuses to credit statements regarding our weather, made by a prominent journal in this city on the 6th of January last, until it is confirmed by a United States signal officer in Cleveland. The *Herald* says:

"In a note on the weather at Portland, Oregon, as reported in the *Bulletin*, of that place, we asked if there are any readers of the *Bulletin* who have not this winter felt as much as a downright frosty day. The question has found an answer in a note from signal officer Martin, stationed in this city. Mr. Martin informs me that he receives weather reports from Portland, Oregon, three times a day, and on looking back over his records for the winter, he finds the lowest point reached, as marked by the thermometer, to have been 32°, or just at the freezing

point. That was December 15th, at 7:35 A. M., Washington time, or 4:30 A. M., local time. In one instance the mercury stood at 43 there when it was six at Cleveland and at zero in Chicago; this was January 9th, eleven P. M., Cleveland time. It should be borne in mind that Portland is five degrees farther north than Cleveland, so that the credit of the "isothermal line" is sustained. The coldest weather, it seems, on the Pacific Coast occurred in the middle of December. A cold atmospheric wave then and there began to sweep over the country, and reached Cleveland on the 21st and 22d of the same month.

"The moral of this is: 'When the wintry winds do blow' on the lakes 'move your family west,' and do not stop until the Pacific shore is reached — then 'good health you will enjoy.'"

When I saw this article in the *Cleveland Herald*, I immediately went to the office of United States signal officer Evans, in Portland, Oregon, and in response to my request he gave me the following extracts from his telegraph reports to Washington city, which will give you a good idea of the character of our present winter:

Monthly mean for the month of November.....	41.3°	
Monthly mean for the month of December .....	31.8°	
Monthly mean for the month of January.....	44.4°	
Coldest day in November, 14th.....	32°	Mean Ther
Warmest day in November, 6th.....	57.2°	"
Coldest day in December 23d.....	32.0°	"
Warmest day in December 26th.....	52.7°	"
Coldest day in January 31st.....	35.2°	"
Warmest day in January 26th.....	52°	"
November, lowest observed, Thursday 14th, at 4.32 A. M.....	30°	
November, highest observed, Thursday 6th, at 2 P. M.....	57.2°	
December, lowest observed, Thursday 23d, at 9 P. M.....	31°	
December, highest observed, Thursday 26th, at 2 P. M.....	56°	
January, lowest observed, Thursday 31st, at 9 P. M.....	32°	
January, highest observed, Thursday 26th, at 1.32 P. M.....	56°	
February 19th, thermometer 29° at 4.32 A. M.		

You see by this that our coldest day this winter was February 19th, when the mercury indicated two degrees below freezing. You will also see that our thermometers over here don't "have to come into the house to warm themselves;" and you will know how to sympathize with us, who have wished in vain for one "cold snap," so the boys could skate, and we could fill our ice-houses.

But you will ask—"Is this an average winter?" It is not. I have seen a good many winters as mild, or nearly so, while during other winters we have had snow that lay on the ground from one to eight weeks in the northern part of the Willamette Valley. I never knew it to remain eight weeks but once—that was in 1861-2. At three different times during the last twenty-five years, I have seen the thermometer indicate a cold as great as six degrees below zero in this same locality. I find



few people here who will agree that the mercury ever got as "low down," but as I aim to give you the worst, I will state what I know to be a fact, unless *my* thermometer was incorrect. I do not think I ever saw a winter in the Willamette Valley, when my potatoes all froze, that had been left in the ground. Of course they were only protected during those cold snaps by the snow that covered the ground. I have seen during these short cold spells the Willamette river frozen over, so that men and teams crossed over on the ice. The Columbia river has also been several times blocked up with floating ice, within eighty miles of the sea. This ice floats down in large cakes from the far north-east, where it is formed in the vicinity of the snows of the mountains. When it meets the incoming tides from the sea, and other obstructions, it pauses, becomes jammed, and soon freezes into a solid mass from shore to shore. On this ice I have known men, and, perhaps, teams to cross, two different winters. Such obstructions, and such extreme cold, however, are generally of short duration, and only occur at long intervals—say once in about seven years. I find few writers on Oregon who ever mention these facts, and I am sure that there are many old Oregonians who will think that I exaggerate the cold, the discomforts, and disadvantages of this country; but I am describing it, as I have seen it through my eyes, and not theirs. We do not want people to come here to be deceived—to expect to find all our winters as mild as this; to see roses in the garden in full bloom in January as they could this winter in Portland; to see green corn, melons, vines and tomatoes untouched by frost at Christmas, as I have seen in this valley, or to see ripe strawberries on the hill sides near Roseburg in the Umpqua Valley during the month of December. You cannot always find good mutton sheep among flocks that have not been fed a mouthful, thousands of cattle and horses in fair order, subsisted only on pasture—as you can this winter. Eight weeks is the longest time during any one winter that my stock required feed. During other winters they have needed feed from three to five weeks; while during several winters like this, stock did well on good range, and nothing required feed excepting work horses and milk cows. With sheds to protect stock from the cold rains, and good pasture, or outside range on the hills, I think that, as a general rule, twenty tons of hay will carry a hundred head of cattle, or horses, through the winter in the Willamette, Umpqua, or Rogue river valleys. In Middle Oregon, east of the Cascade Mountains; in Eastern Oregon, east of the Blue Mountains; and along the coast, west of the Coast Chain of Mountains; from the mouth of the Columbia, south, stock requires less feed, and in many localities little

or no shelter. Farmers here are always "hoping for a good winter," consequently they have not generally been in the habit of making shelters, or putting up much feed for stock. The huge piles of straw that I have seen burnt up, as soon as the threshing machine was removed from the field, would, if they had been preserved, have saved the lives of thousands of cattle I have known to perish during our hard winters. You will ask, perhaps, "are the Oregonians all idiots?" Not exactly. I do not think that I am quite that, or that my neighbors are, but I have lost more than a hundred head of cattle and thirty horses since I have farmed it in this country, for want of shelter and feed. I never fed ten tons of hay for the first ten years I lived here, and sometimes had as many as a hundred and fifty cattle and fifty horses running among the hills. The fact is, our cattle increased so rapidly, that we soon had a great many on hand. We generally had large farms; were busy in fencing, plowing, etc.; had no time to make sheds, and always hoped for a mild winter. This will explain why, in travelling over the country, I have staid over night with more than one farmer, who had neither butter or milk on the table, though he owned, perhaps, from twenty to fifty cows. So when you read in books and papers that "everybody in Oregon lives on the fat of the land," do not believe it, for it is not true. There are many, however, who do live well, as well as they do in any country, perhaps, and at as little expense of toil as in any country I ever saw. You will see from what I have already written, that our climate is favorable, and far superior to the climate of any State east of the Rocky Mountains.

Let us compare climates. In the *Baltimorean* I see an article written January 30th, by a correspondent in Richmond, Virginia. He says:

"I have been probably anticipated by the magnetic telegraph, but I must tell you that this is probably as cold a day as the people of Richmond ever experienced. I have not seen a thermometer, and do not want to see one. My own frigid condition is as good a thermometer as I want. When my nose and ears are nipped as with a knife, in walking a short distance, and when all the woollen clothing that a man can conveniently carry fails to keep him warm, it does not require the thermometer to convince him of the fact."

At the same time a lady writing to a friend in Oregon, in describing a sleigh ride in Maine, says: "The horses plunged through the snow, and were often nearly covered up in huge drifts. Several times the men had to get out and shovel away a bank before we could pass. I had heated bricks at my feet; was wrapped up like an Exquimaux, and then came near freezing."

ing to death. My husband's whiskers were covered with frost, till every one stood out like the quills of a porcupine, and each one looked as large as a straw."

Now it happens that at this time I was sitting in my room in Portland, Oregon, forty miles further north than this lady was in Maine, comfortably reading and writing without a fire. As a confirmation of what I have written, and of what I propose to tell you about our Summer climate, I will, out of a mass of official testimony which could be quoted, only refer you to a single extract from one of Professor Merrick's reports to the department at Washington city, in which he says:

"These general controlling elements combining with the unique chorographic features of the country, give rise to a matchless versatility of local climates. These acting upon a soil of exquisite fertility, yield, in answer to intelligent agriculture, a variety, luxuriance, and delicacy of production, esculent, cereal, fibrous, and fruital, unparrelled on the face of the earth. The salubrity of these climates, with a few local exceptions, is unsurpassed. Their freedom, from injurious variation, was a matter of common report long before it was verified by scientific observations.

"The most active out-door labors may be performed at all seasons of the year, and at all hours of the day, even in the most sultry valleys. This results from the dryness of the atmosphere which prevents the few hot days from being at all enervating. Such a thing as a hard winter, as understood east of the Mississippi, is unknown even as far north as Washington Territory. All reports, both common and scientific, seem to coincide in the statement that the Pacific Coast presents the most desirable conditions of climatic influences upon earth."

I wish you to bear in mind, that the Professor, a purely scientific man, and having no interest in misrepresenting the country, but bound by honor to correctly report what he saw here, says that there are influences over here which, "acting upon a soil of exquisite fertility, yield, in answer to intelligent agriculture, a variety, luxuriance, and delicacy of production, esculent, cereal, fibrous and fruital, unparalleled on the face of the earth." You will also bear in mind his statement that — "all reports, both common and scientific, seem to coincide in the statement that the Pacific Coast presents the most desirable conditions of climatic influences upon earth." His statement amounts to just this, that this coast has the best climate on earth, and is the best agricultural country in the world. This is more than I would have dared to say, as I have never seen all the world. I will say, however, after having travelled through

nearly all the States in the Union, through Central America, much of South America, and the Sandwich Islands, that I consider Oregon, take it all in all, the best country to make a living in, and to grow rich in, a country having more advantages, and fewer disadvantages, than any spot of equal size I ever saw. A man who cannot make a living in Oregon, need try no other country — he might as well give it up, and climb a tree. If this is so, and if it is true that there are nearly forty millions of people over with you, ignorant enough, and weak enough, to prefer your country to ours, why should you wonder at the stupidity of a few over here, who are too lazy or busy to put up feed for their cattle, and too shiftless to milk cows, or put on clean shirts?

### OUR SUMMER CLIMATE,

In my opinion, has really more advantages over yours, than has our winter climate. When I tell you that our days in summer are seldom too warm to allow men to work comfortably in the fields, and that the nights are always so cold that we sleep under cover, and generally use the same bedding the year round, you will understand that we have not a very good corn country. You will also conclude it is rather a poor country for gnats and mosquitoes. I do not believe that I have been stung by these insects twenty times in twenty years. I have very seldom seen one that seemed warmed up enough to be hungry. I never saw but one rattlesnake; on the whole I do not regard it as a good snake country. Bed-bugs, fleas, and the itch, succeed well in some families. I have never seen a spot in North America, or Central America, and but one in South America, where, in wandering through shady groves, over hills, and through valleys, I felt so little in danger of being stung by insects, bitten by reptiles, or pounced upon by wild beasts, as here. The climatic influences, alluded to by Professor Merrick, as having such a wonderful influence upon our soil, and upon our productions, have equally as strong an influence on man. I do not say that people here are more industrious than they are with you, for I have never yet seen a country where people worked very hard, just because they *loved* to toil — men generally work hard when they are *compelled* to. But I *will* say, that our climate produces a very sensible change in the feelings and conduct of all people who come and reside here a few years — especially if they come from the Mississippi Valley. People here are more cheerful, more wide-awake, and more elastic as to the muscles and brain than they are with you. I noticed this difference, as soon as I got into the Mississippi Valley, in going back east, after having

lived here twenty years. I soon began to feel the enervating effects of your hot humid atmosphere, even in June, and I began to feel much as the rest of you do. People of nice organizations, that are sensitive and refined, feel these influences as soon as they reach here, especially in summer; while now and then comes an "Uncle Johnny," with an integument as coarse as the hide of a rhinoceros, who doesn't feel this for some time. At first he feels uneasy, is dissatisfied with the country, and writes back, or employs somebody to write back discouraging letters. If he stays here two years the Oregon rains serve as a bath tub, the scales become loosened and drop off; he ceases to "hanker for corn bread," and sigh for his favorite "hardshell preacher," gets used to eating biscuits, and he becomes contented. Now this is no fancy picture, it is the naked truth. I have known many such people, who, on reaching Oregon, looked gloomy, expressed disappointment, wished they were back, and felt decidedly uncomfortable every way. These same people, after living here ten years, *without one exception* that I have ever met, say they are delighted with the country, and many of them have said to me, "I don't see how it is *possible* for people to live in the Mississippi Valley." I will here state another fact, which shows the superiority of our climate and country. During twenty-five years, I have personally known, perhaps, fifty people, who, after living here one or two years, have gone back to Missouri, or some western State. All that I have known, *without one exception*, have become miserable there, and most of them have found their way back to this coast, many of them having spent all they had in getting here! One of these men wrote back from Illinois, "*I am going back to Oregon, if I have to crawl on my hands and knees every foot of the way.*" If you can find one person, in any of those western States, who has lived in Oregon two years, and gone back, who will say that he likes that country to live in better than he does the Pacific Coast; and you find, upon examination, that he has no bristles on his back, I will agree that Nature has made one mistake.

Now these are strong arguments in favor of our climate and country. They are arguments that will be better understood, and have more force with the people generally, than all the statistics and figures would, that could be strung out through twenty pages of dry reading. Moses never got the Jews to pack up their traps to leave Egypt, by reading to them a book of statistics about Canaan; neither do preachers enlist volunteers for "the promised land," by arraying figures in the pulpit, so as to prove to their hearers that it will "pay" to go there.

Moses, in describing Canaan, said — "The Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates, a land of olive oil and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any thing in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass"

Now we have got all that and *more*, if you will read *gold* instead of "brass," and just remember that our "olive oil and figs" are in the provision stores instead of being on the trees. I would like to have you be particular about this, for I don't want any of your neighbors to come here expecting to rush into the first orchard they see, and fill their pockets with olives and figs, for they will not find them there. Failing to do so, they will probably swear that I "misrepresented the country," as they are "dead *shoar*." I wrote "there was lots of olives and figs in Oregon." So I did, but it was not my fault that the new comer went to an orchard to find them instead of a provision store. Now I have found that nearly, or quite every "Uncle Johnny" that comes here, and is dissatisfied, has read about this country with his spectacles in his vest pocket, instead of having them on his nose. I want you to weigh Oregon in the balances furnished in this letter. I want you to investigate it thoroughly, travel all over it, study it for years, measuring and trying it all the time, by the statements I am giving you, and see if you can detect any mistakes.

But just here I am reminded that you may fall into a mistake from what I have said about our cool summers, and conclude that we have no hot weather here. You have no *right* to conclude any such thing; for Professor Merriek, whom I have already quoted, says — "The most active, out-door labors may be performed at all seasons of the year, and at all hours of the day, even in the most sultry valleys." Sultry means *very hot*. In 1848, in driving an ox team through Middle Oregon, one day, while in camp, I took out my thermometer, and was surprised to see it reach 130° Fahrenheit by a short exposure to the sun. It stood at 106° in the shade of my wagon. This surprised me much, as my cattle travelled well, and neither the work oxen or the people seemed to feel much inconvenience from the heat, whereas, in Illinois, we considered the heat almost insufferable when the mercury stood at 102° in the shade, and no body ever thought it was possible to work oxen then.

In the Willamette Valley we sometimes have very hot days, or parts of days, but *never* have hot nights. August 4, 1871, I



harvested and threshed twenty-one acres of wheat, though one of the hottest days I ever saw here. The horses, used in running the header and thresher, didn't seem to suffer, neither did the men. Consequently I was surprised on going to the house at two o'clock P. M., to see the mercury standing at  $104^{\circ}$  in the shade. Now mark the difference between Pacific and Atlantic climates. In July, 1868, I was in Washington city during very hot weather. The papers called it "The great heated term," though they have since had hotter weather. The mercury stood at  $102^{\circ}$  in Washington,  $104^{\circ}$  in New York, and  $105^{\circ}$  at Montreal. Thousands of people in New York and other large cities perished with the heat. I saw poor horses fall on the streets in Washington city and die in great agony. I lived through the day by drinking ice cold soda, and carrying a wet handkerchief in my hat. I suffered most during the night. My landlady bought beef on Saturday morning that was butchered the night before, immediately put it on ice in an ice-house, and cooked it for dinner on Sunday, *when it was tainted*. It seemed to me that everything was inclined to decay, and I wondered why men in such a climate didn't rot down in their boots. Now mark the difference. During our hottest summers I have never failed to keep fresh beef sweet a week, when hung up in the open air, and I have more than once known a large family keep a quarter of an ox hung up in summer till it was eaten up, and the meat kept perfectly sweet. Now if these are *facts*, and every intelligent man east knows they are, do they not utter a voice in favor of our coast, as a healthy and pleasant spot, which no amount of statistics could? From what I have already said of our climate, corroborated by official reports, might I not drop my pen right here, and conclude that I have already given reasons enough, to induce you and your neighbors, to sell out, come to Oregon, and take the chances, without knowing anything more about it? Are sensitive people, who have only one life to live, to spend their days where, as in Milton's hell, mercury freezes in winter, the fat of men and animals melts in summer, and where the nights are either cold enough to send a thermometer into the house to get warm, or hot enough to drive a poor devil into an ice-house, who wants to cool off enough to enable him to sleep? But we have other advantages over you, than such as are found in climate.

Just here I might as well say, that I always feel embarrassed when I try to describe this country, so that eastern people will understand it. In reading books and pamphlets, written by others, I know that *they too* must have felt the same. They all, or nearly all, get the peculiarities of different sections, so

blended and mixed up, that even an old Oregonian often becomes so tangled, that it gives him the head-ache to read them. The reason of this is, our country is so broken up and divided by mountains, so diversified in scenery, so much affected by proximity to, or remoteness from the sea, so influenced by altitude, and many other causes, that our great *diversity* of soil, climate and productions, renders it the hardest country to describe *correctly* that I ever saw. You could give me a correct description of one county in Illinois, and truthfully tell me that it could be taken in the main, as a correct description of the State, and of several bordering States. But here, in describing the Willamette Valley, I should give you no idea of Middle Oregon. The Willamette is different from the Umpqua; and Rogue River Valley is somewhat different from either; while even in the Willamette Valley the southern portion differs widely from the northern part, and the county of Polk is very unlike the county of Multnomah, while Linn is different from Marion, and Washington county has peculiarities that *none* of them have; though these counties are all in the Willamette Valley. I could take you all over the farm I lived on in Yamhill, and then take you in twenty minutes walk to the top of a hill, and show you twenty other farms having peculiarities of their own; all differing, in some one thing, *differing even in climate* — some places getting very little of the sea breeze, others getting just enough to make it cool and comfortable in the harvest field, while others get enough to make it often chilly during the hottest part of summer. People here generally select the locality that suits them best. This probably accounts for a thing I have often noticed and wondered at. Every man in Oregon seems to think he has got about the best place in the State.

I will now pass rapidly over a general description of the different divisions of Oregon.

### THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY

Is generally considered the cream of the State; though other portions are preferred by many, having attractions which suit a diversity of tastes and callings. This valley is the most densely settled of any other part, perhaps, and has more improvements in the shape of railroads, steamboats, manufacturing establishments, mills, and improved agricultural machinery. There are many people in this valley who would like to sell out and move to the frontier, either to Middle Oregon, or the vicinity of the Klamath Lake country, down near the California line, where they are now holding treaties



with a few dozen Modoc Indians, who lately broke out and murdered several settlers. These frontier parts are dry, healthy, far removed from the din and noise of railroads, steamboats and stump orators, however many would like to go there to raise stock, hunt, fish, and live in peace.

The Willamette Valley, measuring from the summit of the coast range of mountains, to that of the Cascade range, is about sixty-five miles wide, and about one hundred and fifty long; or about as large as Massachusetts and Delaware. In the character of its soil, the beauty of its scenery, the purity and abundance of its water, consisting of springs, creeks, rivers and wells, all of which is as soft as rain-water; its general health and average climate, its natural facilities for commercial intercourse with the world, its water power, and its exhaustless mountain forests, it will compare with, and in my humble opinion excel any other spot of equal size in North or South America. The stranger on coming here, sees many things very different what he ever saw before. He will be surprised (if he is from New England) to see that our mountains have a better soil as a general thing, and a milder climate to their very summits, than have the average farming lands in New England. He will see elder stalks from eighteen to thirty inches in circumference, hazel bushes from one to five inches in diameter. He will see lumber made of elder saw logs, from twenty to thirty inches in diameter. He will notice something new in the size and color of many of the birds and animals. He will find that the quail is uncommonly large and beautiful, the male of which has a feathery tuft on top of its head, five or six inches long; that many deer have black tails, and that some of them are enormously large. He will see fir trees having an altitude of three hundred feet; or over eighteen rods. Out of such trees, eighteen rail cuts have been made, and many of them have turned out from five to ten thousand feet of lumber. He will find our mountain streams, are pure, clear, and cool, and that the mountain trout they contain, are from eight to twenty-two inches long (I have caught speckled trout on Trask river in Tillamook *more* than twenty-two inches long). The greater part of the Willamette Valley is prairie land, much of it rolling and beautiful, while some prairies are flat enough to please a man who fancies nearly a dead level. The northern part of this valley is mostly timbered; while in going south, timber becomes scarcer, till we reach the head of the valley. Some sections are not as well supplied with timber as would be desirable. The streams running through the valley, however, are generally skirted with more or less timber, and the mountains on either side afford an exhaustless supply.

If you will look on the map you will see very many streams, fed by mountain snows and springs, which course through the valleys, and afford good mill sites and extensive water power. The timber in the mountains, and much of the valley, is generally soft, consisting of cedar, white, red and yellow fir, with occasional spots of pine. Along the foot hills, between the mountains proper, and the valley land, there is generally an abundance of white oak; while on the creek and river bottoms, the timber consists mostly of soft maple, pine maple, ash, alder, balm, and cherry, with some scattering white fir and oak. The prairie soil consists of an alluvial deposit, resting on a clay bed, free of stone. The soil is of a clayey nature, stiffer and harder to plow than is the loam of Illinois prairies. I think a fourteen inch plow pulls a span of horses as hard here as a twenty inch plow does there. I never knew a farm to be manured here, or a rail fence to rot down. Old Oregonians tell me they believe a good fir rail fence will last a hundred years. I cannot say how this is, not having tried it, but I know that in travelling through Ohio, Tennessee, and other States, it struck me that if an Oregonian had to make a new fence every twelve or fourteen years, he would think he had no time to do much of anything else. The soil of this valley produces fine crops of wheat, oats, barley, flax, hay, and vegetables, when well cultivated. With poor cultivation, such as we once gave it, with wooden mould-board plows, we got much lighter crops than now, though there are few number one farmers here yet. If land was manured and treated here, as it is in New England, or even as it is in Ohio and New York, our crops would be very fine — just how fine I dare not tell you, for it would be mostly guess work, and I do not think you could believe I had guessed right. I have raised from six bushels of potatoes planted, the ground plowed with a Missouri plow; and harrowed with a wooden tooth drag, *ten bushels*.

I have, with the same cultivation, raised from twenty to twenty-five bushels of fall wheat to the acre, and from eight to fifteen bushels of spring wheat. Perhaps I ought not to lay it *all* to the plow and harrow, as I might give you a wrong idea, while I do not wish to give you any. I plowed with two yoke of cattle, instead of horses, as farmers now do. My cattle lived on the wild grass, which grows in the field where I was plowing. On this grass they become so fat, and got so full of the devil, that I couldn't keep them in the furrow much more than half of the time. They not only left the furrows, but more than once left the field, taking the plow along with them. I say this much in justice to the old fashioned plow,

which Noah probably took into the ark with the rest of the animals, afterwards threw it overboard to lighten, and which was probably picked up and patented by some Missourian.

After we got to using horse teams and steel plows that would scour, I raised 240 bushels of potatoes from ten bushels of seed, and as high as 3,750 lbs. of better wheat than ever grew in Illinois, from one acre. This, you know, is sixty-two and a half bushels. I have raised forty bushels of corn to the acre, and only plowed the corn once one way. Mr. Burkhardt, of Albany, Oregon, has stated in the *Willamette Farmer*, an agricultural paper printed in Salem, the capital of this State, that he raised over sixty bushels of corn to the acre in Linn county. I think it was sixty-six and a fraction, but am not positive. How much he cultivated it he does not state. We do not call Oregon a good corn country, but I know, and so do you, that you cannot raise forty bushels of corn to the acre, with one plowing in Illinois. You will no doubt ask, as many others have — "Why not raise corn to fatten hogs on?" The answer is, we can fatten hogs cheaper on wheat. I can make money faster by sowing wheat, and turning hogs into the field to harvest it themselves, then selling pork at six cents, than any man can, who raises forty bushels of corn to the acre, by plowing it three times, harvesting it, and feeding it to hogs, even if he sells his pork at ten cents. This is a statement that many Oregonians might doubt who have not tried it; but I know it to be so, for I have tried it.

I have never seen a book written about this country, but what some of its statements, I thought, were so worded that they were liable to mislead people east. I have a book before me now, written by a very competent gentleman, though not a farmer, or even an old resident. He wrote information which he, no doubt, obtained from others. I find he makes our wheat crop range from twenty bushels to a hundred. Now there may have been a hundred bushels of wheat raised to the acre here by somebody, but if so, you couldn't prove it by me. Neither could you prove by me that twenty bushels is the lowest average. I saw a man cut a field of spring wheat last summer, poorly put in that yielded him only six bushels to the acre. I saw a man cut from a field near by, on no better land, but put in the fall before, and put in well, over fifty bushels to the acre. Men who hold from 320 to 1,600 acre farms, as they often do here, work too much land. They cannot work it as it ought to be, and as they will do, when farms average from twenty to one hundred acres, as they do in New England. I saw a Mr. Stewart at the State fair at Salem, who told me he raised in Clackamas county on nine acres of oak grub land (about the

poorest land we have in the valley), 487 bushels of wheat, or over 54 bushels to the acre; while one of his neighbors raised less wheat on forty acres of good prairie the same season. The difference was all owing to cultivation. I could give numbers of instances where men have raised over sixty bushels, and many more instances where they have only got from six to fifteen. My honest opinion is, that with good cultivation, an average crop of fall wheat put in in September, would be forty bushels or over; while with *New England* cultivation it could be raised to sixty. Now I had a neighbor, who often declared to me, that he could demonstrate, that eighty bushels could be raised on every acre. This man lived on a farm, and was a preacher. Of course he would not *intentionally* lie, but he was too lazy to work, and I never knew him to raise fifty bushels of wheat in his life. He came to his conclusions, as many of our writers do — by ciphering, while I got my ideas by following a plow, swinging a cradle, and close observation for nearly a quarter of a century in Oregon. To be sure I have raised common white turnips on creek bottom land, also rutabagas many times, that weighed thirty-five pounds, and measured three and a half feet in circumference, by plowing the land only once, and sowing the seed broad cast. I raised squashes that were never cultivated after the seed was planted, yet the squashes weighed, many of them, forty-five pounds each. I had corn on my place in Yamhill, which, when tassled out, was so high that Captain R. R. Thompson, of the Oregon Navigation Company, a gentleman nearly six feet high, lacked a foot of reaching the top with a walking cane when trying to do so. These facts are merely given to give you some idea of the capabilities of our soil, and to show you that there is not much danger of a man's starving to death who gets a piece of land and goes to work. In this connection, while I think of it, I will say that we have no hog cholera, our horses never have the heaves, the slobbers, or poll-evil, at least I never knew of it or heard of it. I never saw rust injure wheat, the weevil or other insect destroy it; potatoes take the rot, the borer kill locust trees, the curculio injure plums, or worms in apples. I have heard that potatoes somewhere on the Columbia bottoms had taken the rot, and wheat near Corvallis had been injured in a granary by weevil. I know not whether the reports are true or not.

Our year is divided into two seasons — the dry season in summer, and the rainy season in winter.

## THE RAINY SEASON

Generally begins from the first to the tenth of November, and closes about the first of April. The only objection of consequence I have ever heard urged against Oregon, was its "gloomy winters." Although the winters differ very much, some having long periods when the sun is obscured, the earth is enveloped in "Oregon mist," or the rain pours, while some give us much sunshine, and only hard cold rains at long intervals. Almanac makers are generally safe in reminding us all along through the winter, to "*Look out for rain about this time.*" If, instead of rain, we now and then get a snow storm, and have a cold snap, everybody in the country, especially among farmers who own stock, begins to pray devoutly for rain. They dislike rain, but they hate snow, and they have a choice between, an evil and a discomfort. Snow is an evil, because it takes money out of their pockets, while rain is a discomfort, though it puts money in every farmers purse. I see some books on Oregon, written by tourists, or gentlemen who live in cities or towns here, while they seem to think it takes less hard work to make a bushel of wheat here than I do, yet seem to misunderstand our winters, when they convey the idea that our rainy season necessarily pretty much suspends outdoor work. I have seen few days at a time, in any winter, when I and my hired men and boys didn't work out of doors at something on the farm. I do not believe that for twenty-five winters there has been in the middle of this valley (and the Willamette valley is the wettest part of Oregon, except the strip along the sea shore) enough days during any one winter, which, of all put together, would make five weeks, during which a man working out doors, and wearing a woollen coat, or even a thick woollen shirt, would during the day become wet through to the skin. I append a weather record, embracing a period of ten years in Portland, where we have more rain, more clouds, and more fog, than they have further south in the valley, and much more than they have in the Umpqua and Rogue River valleys — while in Middle and Eastern Oregon they have comparatively almost none of these discomforts in winter. This record was kept by Mr. Frazer, the present United States Internal Revenue Assessor in Portland, and is a gentleman every way reliable:

## WEATHER RECORD FOR OREGON.

[From the Daily Oregonian, November 18, 1869]

As the impression is abroad in many of the States, as also in Oregon, that Oregon has a greater number of *stormy* or rainy days than any other State, I send you the enclosed table of the weather, which I have kept *daily* for the past ten years, beginning April, 1858; which table will show that Oregon has a yearly average of sixty-five per cent. of days without *rain or snow*. Besides this a large proportion of the days recorded under the head of "sunshine and showers," were days in which persons could follow their out-door vocations without serious inconvenience. Under the head of "pleasant," no rain or snow fell between sunrise and sunset. Under the head of "rainy," there was no sunshine, and rain fell most of the time. Under the head of "sunshine and showers," are included days when a part or half of the day would be pleasant and part rainy. I am aware that rain and snow fell during the time between sunset and sunrise, also that many days that are marked rainy, the night would be clear and pleasant. I think one will offset the other. I have also noted some of the *extremes* during some years, which you can publish if you think them deserving of notice. I think a table of this kind will be appreciated by persons interested in or inquiring about Oregon:

## 1858.

MONTH	Pleasant.	Rainy.	Sunshine & Shower.	Snowed.	MONTH	Pleasant.	Rainy.	Sunshine & Shower.	Snowed.	MONTH	Pleasant.	Rainy.	Sunshine & Shower.	Snowed.	MONTH	Pleasant.	Rainy.	Sunshine & Shower.	Snowed.
April...20	6	4	...	...	July...27	1	1	...	...	Sep....21	6	4	...	...	Nov....18	8	3	...	...
May....15	6	10	...	...	Aug....25	2	4	...	...	Oct....18	...	7	...	...	Dec....10	11	6	4	...
June...23	3	4	...	...															
<b>1859.</b>										Total.....	180	48	43	4					
Jan....18	9	4	...	...	April...21	3	6	...	...	July...29	...	2	...	...	Oct....22	6	3	...	...
Feb....4	10	6	8	...	May....30	8	3	...	...	Aug....25	...	3	...	...	Nov....18	8	3	1	...
Mar....4	12	9	6	...	June...25	25	5	...	...	Sep....20	8	2	...	...	Dec....22	6	1	2	...
<b>1860.</b>										Total.....	228	73	47	17					
Jan....19	10	1	1	...	April...14	4	11	...	...	July...27	1	3	...	...	Oct....17	10	4	...	...
Feb....16	9	3	1	...	May....15	8	8	...	...	Aug....24	3	4	...	...	Nov....18	8	4	...	...
Mar....18	6	6	1	...	June...25	2	3	...	...	Sep....23	5	2	...	...	Dec....16	8	1	...	...
<b>1861.</b>										Total.....	232	72	57	5					
Jan....16	6	6	3	...	April...16	5	9	...	...	July...29	...	2	...	...	Oct....19	6	6	...	...
Feb....14	12	2	...	...	May....18	5	8	...	...	Aug....27	1	3	...	...	Nov....8	16	4	2	...
Mar....19	2	9	1	...	June...17	6	7	...	...	Sep....26	2	2	...	...	Dec....15	9	3	4	...
<b>1862.</b>										Total.....	224	70	61	10					
Jan....20	2	1	8	...	April...19	4	5	2	...	July...28	1	7	...	...	Oct....23	4	4	...	...
Feb....17	4	3	4	...	May....17	4	10	...	...	Aug....28	2	1	...	...	Nov....28	1	1	...	...
Mar....13	7	9	2	...	June...21	2	7	...	...	Sep....25	4	1	...	...	Dec....16	12	3	...	...
<b>1863.</b>										Total.....	250	47	52	16					
Jan....11	17	1	2	...	April...15	8	6	1	...	July...27	2	2	...	...	Oct....20	8	3	...	...
Feb....10	7	8	3	...	May....22	2	7	...	...	Aug....29	...	2	...	...	Nov....14	10	6	...	...
Mar....19	6	4	2	...	June...27	1	2	...	...	Sep....19	4	7	...	...	Dec....7	17	7	...	...
<b>1864.</b>										Total.....	220	82	55	8					
Jan....15	8	3	5	...	April...23	5	2	...	...	July...28	...	3	...	...	Oct....25	3	3	...	...
Feb....24	4	1	...	...	May....29	...	...	...	...	Aug....27	...	4	...	...	Nov....16	11	3	...	...
Mar....14	8	8	...	...	June...19	4	7	...	...	Sep....17	6	7	...	...	Dec....15	11	3	2	...
<b>1865.</b>										Total.....	252	60	47	7					
Jan....17	11	2	1	...	April...20	5	5	...	...	July...26	1	4	...	...	Oct....23	...	8	...	...
Feb....18	6	3	1	...	May....25	3	3	...	...	Aug....25	...	6	...	...	Nov....14	11	5	...	...
Mar....13	10	4	4	...	June...22	3	5	...	...	Sep....13	7	10	...	...	Dec....11	8	8	4	...
<b>1866.</b>										Total.....	227	65	63	10					
Jan....19	7	2	3	...	April...14	7	9	...	...	July...30	...	1	...	...	Oct....17	9	5	...	...
Feb....17	3	8	...	...	May....18	5	8	...	...	Aug....26	1	4	...	...	Nov....15	11	4	...	...
Mar....15	11	5	...	...	June...14	6	10	...	...	Sep....29	...	1	...	...	Dec....16	13	2	...	...
<b>1867.</b>										Total.....	290	73	59	3					
Jan....16	10	2	3	...	April...19	4	7	...	...	July...18	3	10	...	...	Oct....20	5	6	...	...
Feb....10	12	5	1	...	May....23	2	6	...	...	Aug....30	...	1	...	...	Nov....19	8	3	...	...
Mar....27	2	1	1	...	June...25	3	2	...	...	Sep....26	3	1	...	...	Dec....11	13	5	3	...
<b>1868.</b>										Total.....	244	65	49	7					
Jan....23	2	1	5	...	April...18	4	8	...	...	July...30	1	...	...	...	Oct....27	1	3	...	...
Feb....21	3	4	1	...	May....19	3	9	...	...	Aug....31	...	...	...	...	Nov....20	6	4	...	...
Mar....14	3	12	2	...	June...23	1	6	...	...	Sep....29	1	...	...	...	Dec....17	5	3	1	...
<b>RECAPITULATION.</b>										Total.....	272	80	55	9					
1858 <sup>a</sup> ...180	48	43	4	...	1861...224	70	61	10	...	1864...252	60	47	7	...	1867...244	65	49	7	...
1859...228	73	47	17	...	1862...250	47	52	16	...	1865...227	65	63	10	...	1868...272	80	55	9	...
1860...232	72	57	5	...	1863...220	82	55	8	...	1866...230	73	59	3	...					
<sup>a</sup> Nine months.										Total.....	2,559	685	588	96					

Sixty-five per cent. of the above days are without rain or snow.

NOTES.—Ice formed December 2d, 1858. In 1859 ponds were frozen over at times till March 1st—ice never over two inches



thick; very little cold weather in December, 1859; no ice to speak of.

January 24th, 1860, the ground froze for the first time this winter — first ice January 26th. Ice and frost all gone February 1st. I planted potatoes February 6th; on the 17th planted onion sets and onion seeds; April 26th, planted corn.

January 2d, 1862, Columbia river frozen over so that the ocean steamers could not run; thermometer  $16^{\circ}$  below freezing point. January 8th, snow a foot deep; excellent sleighing. On the 17th, Willamette frozen hard enough to cross on foot. On the 24th, ice gone out of Willamette River. March 10th, snow all disappeared.

January 7th, 1868, Columbia River closed with ice. On the 11th, Willamette closed over so as to stop the steamers running to Oregon city until the 28th. No rain fell after the first of July until September 3d — 62 days — and then none again till October 23d.

THOMAS FRAZAR.

Beginning at Vancouver's Island, the amount of rain-fall decreases as you go south. At Vancouver's Island the average is about sixty-five inches a year. At Astoria, about sixty inches; at Humboldt, in Northern California, about forty-five inches; in San Francisco, about twenty-two inches. From this it decreases south, till you reach the great Colorado Desert, where it amounts to almost nothing. In St. Louis, Missouri, I find the average rain-fall to be forty inches; where, as in most of the States, the rain nearly all falls in summer. In winter, while we are getting rain, you over there are getting it in the shape of snow. But in our

#### DRY OR SUMMER SEASON,

Which sets in in April, and lasts till November, we are not troubled much with heavy rains. True, we have showers occasionally through April, and till late in May. By the 20th of May, spring sowing is generally over. We then generally look for about one week's rain early in June. Many farmers then sow wheat for the next year. This wheat makes excellent pasture for milk cows, hogs and calves in the fall when the grass is dried up in the pastures. Pasturing this wheat down is an advantage to it. We then expect a rain in September. This affords a good opportunity for sowing wheat, to such as have fallowed land ready, and wheat sown now generally makes the best yield in grain, if not in straw. I can hardly tell you why it is, that our crops suffer so little, on ground deeply plowed, and well pulverized, as they do here



through the long dry season. It seems a mystery to me, yet I know that I have seen gardens and vegetation generally more withered, and more injured for want of moisture, in three weeks of hot weather after a rain in Washington city than here, when there had not been rain enough to wet the ground in an inch in three months. Our dry weather through haying and harvesting enables us to save hay in excellent order, and our beautiful, bright yellow straw, is always admired by new comers. The wild grass on the hills and in the valleys, generally turns yellow, and dries in July, when grain begins to ripen. The wheat fields, and grass fields, generally turn yellow about the same time. This grass, though dead, and dry enough to burn, seems to fatten animals well. Of course it is not good to make much milk.

Another peculiarity of this country is, we have

#### FEWER HIGH WINDS

Than you do, and no hurricanes. In Illinois and other Western States, I had been used to frightful hurricanes that blew down brick buildings, prostrated forests, and carried destruction to life and property in its path for miles. These winds were likely to occur any time in summer. We frequently saw these hurricanes while living there, and have read of them in your papers, with horror, many times since we "escaped from the wrath to come," and settled on this side of the mountains. When I reached this coast, I was full of the ideas I had imbibed in youth, that no one country had any great advantage over another—that nature had pretty evenly distributed its blessing and evils, and that in making countries, God had pretty well equalized things. A man who is so organized, that he believes a burly odorous wench, fresh from the shores of Congo, combines about as many advantages for a wife, as does the finest specimen of an Anglo Saxon, is apt to hold to this doctrine still, after having travelled all over the world. Other people will change their views, and conclude that there is really as great a difference in countries as there is in people. On reaching Oregon, and travelling over it, I looked everywhere in the Blue Mountains, the Cascades, and the Coast Chain; as also in the Willamette, Umpqua, and Rogue River vallies, for the footprints of hurricanes. I looked in vain, for every where I saw the primeval forests undisturbed. Giant trees, many of which were three hundred feet high, still waved their graceful tops to the soft sighing breezes of the Pacific, which for ages had been kept within the bounds of gentleness and moderation. I now find that these facts, and very important facts too,

though unknown to the masses east, have been faithfully recorded in the government archives. In examining these records, I find that for twenty-five years, we have had only three winds moving at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, with a force of ten pounds to the square foot. In Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut the government reports from eleven stations, where observations were made, show that in thirty months there were four winds of forty-five miles velocity, and ten pounds power. At eleven stations in Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa and Wisconsin, the reports show, that during twenty-six months, there were twenty-five winds of forty-five miles velocity, two winds of seventy-five miles velocity, and two hurricanes, of a velocity of ninety miles an hour. The force of these frightful winds is not given, after it exceeds sixty miles an hour. For its exact power, I refer you to some poor fellow, who has had his buildings blown into ovenwood, and the clothing stripped from his wife and children during one of these episodes, that give variety and spice to a life in the great "hog and corn district."

Now, if the periods, during which these observations were made by the government, afford a fair average, and I judge they do; while in twenty-five years we have had in Oregon three forty-five mile winds; in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, they have had twenty-seven such winds, and eighteen winds of sixty miles velocity. This average, would also for the same time, give Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa and Michigan, two hundred and fifty-seven, forty-five mile winds, twenty of seventy five miles, and twenty hurricanes, having a velocity of ninety miles, and suggesting by its ruin, to all sensible men, the importance of getting up, and hunting for some more peaceable country.

Then again, we have another advantage, in having less

### SICKNESS IN OREGON.

Than in any State east of the Rocky Mountains. This of course you would infer, from the character of our climate. A country where the water courses go dashing down the mountain sides, fed by snows or springs, cold, clear, and sweet as the fabled springs of pagan Muses, where the atmosphere is so clear, that the new comer often gazes at snow clad mountains from forty to eighty miles away, and is deceived into the belief that they are so near, he could easily walk to the snow in a few hours; a country where the air is so pure that he will seldom hear thunder, where the temperature of the atmosphere is very even, where the breezes spring from the ocean, instead of the

plains, marshes, stagnant pools, and sluggish turbid streams of a great interior continent, must, of course, be a comparatively healthy country. Now do not fall into an error just here, and conclude that there is no sickness in Oregon, or that all our streams are rapid and clear. People here get sick and die. Oregon is a part of this little Planet Earth, which, for innumerable ages, has been washed and drenched by the tears and blood of widows and orphans, and a perishing humanity, marching towards the tomb. Our sickness in summer is mostly confined to the river bottoms, subject to June freshets, caused by the melting snows in the mountains which generally flood the banks of the Columbia River in several places. Our agues and fevers are of a mild type. I have raised a family of seven children here, not one of us ever had the ague or fever, and I have never paid a doctor a dollar, never having employed one. I have fished in many streams, where I could see all the fish near me, and see the bait on my hook in the water ten feet deep. I don't think a catfish could live long in such water. I know of several streams, such as Pudding River, in Marion County, Muddy and Salt Creek in Yamhill, whose waters, though not as turbid and stinking as an average Illinois or Iowa stream, are, I should judge, poorly fitted for speckled trout. The government is now stocking the streams on this coast with shad, and other eastern specimens as an experiment. I hear of no catfish coming. If any body over with you should desire to try the experiment, I know of no stream in Oregon, where the seed could be planted with any hope of success, unless it be some such stream as Salt Creek, the waters of which look nearly turbid enough to enable such a fish to live. The only doubts I entertain, are caused by the fact, that even in the hottest part of the season, Salt Creek, Muddy and Pudding River, don't *stink* as do the streams with you, where nature manufactures sulphuretted hydrogen in the mud, and catfish are supposed to keep fat by inhaling it as it bubbles up.

Now in examining the rates of morality of different States, I find by the government reports, that in Arkansas, about one in 48 die yearly. In Massachusetts and Louisiana, one in 57; Illinois and Indiana lose one in 87; Kansas, one in 68; Vermont, the healthiest State east of the Rocky Mountains, one in 92; California lost one in 101; Oregon, one in 172; and Washington Territory, one in 228. These statistics are very strong arguments in favor of the healthy character of this coast. The argument is much stronger, when you remember that diseased people suffering with chronic complaints which could not be cured at home, have constantly been pouring over here in search of improved health. Many of these people have died

after reaching here, while many others have been cured by our climate. I would never advise people far advanced with consumption, or suffering with asthma to come to the Willamette Valley expecting to be cured. Neither are the rigors of winter calculated to cure very bad rheumatism. From official reports of the Surgeon General of the United States Army, I see that deaths from fever range about as follows:

In New England.....	1 in 283
Southern Frontier of Texas.....	1 in 67
Jefferson Barracks (St. Louis, Missouri) ..	1 in 113
New York Harbor.....	1 in 66
Oregon and Washington Territory.....	1 in 529

But to give you a fuller idea of the diseases peculiar to this country, I append a short article I find in print, written by Dr. W. H. Watkins, of this city who, I believe, has practiced medicine in this State about twenty years. You will observe, he says, that we have

#### NO PREVAILING TYPE OF DISEASE.

"Oregon, in truth, may be said to have no prevailing type of disease. In the Willamette Valley we have the soil, the alluvial deposit, the moisture, which, in Indiana or Illinois, would cause agues and intermittents to be rife through the community,—and throughout the valley in spring and autumn occasional cases of agues are found, but they invariably yield to remedies in small doses compared with those given in malarial districts in the Western States. Very rarely is a person seen with the ague cachexia and complexion, so often seen in the ague districts of the Wabash, Illinois and Sacramento Valleys. The type is commonly a tertian, or when a chill occurs every other day, though persons having a chill daily are met with.

"For this somewhat remarkable immunity from malarial disorders, considering the extent and depth of our river bottoms, we are indebted to our northern latitude, to the daily sea-breeze borne to us from the waters of the Pacific, to our cool, bracing nights, and to the medium temperature of even our warmest days. Typhus or typhoid fevers have never been epidemic in Oregon.

"The equable temperature, summer and winter, the absence of high cold winds and sudden atmospheric changes, render people less subject to bronchial, rheumatic and inflammatory complaints than they are in countries where the thermometer swings entirely around the circle. In July and August, as at the east, children are troubled with summer complaint, but the

disease is ordinarily quite amenable to treatment, and seldom runs into dysentery.

"East of the Cascades the air is dry, the altitude high, and the country is popularly supposed to be beneficial to consumptives. Army reports appear to sanction this belief.

"On the head waters of the Columbia a disease somewhat peculiar, known as mountain fever, attacks the inhabitants, if particularly exposed. It probably is malarial in its origin, but is modified by the rarity and dryness of the atmosphere. It presents many features of remittent fever, is disposed to take a typhoid type with congestions of brain, lungs or bowels. It naturally tends to resolution as but few die. While at Fort Walla Walla, I attended twenty-two cases, soldiers who had made a summer and fall campaign up the waters of Snake River, all of whom recovered.

"For twenty years, aside from scarlet fever and dyptheria, which several years ago visited nearly every neighbourhood, there has been no general epidemic of at all fatal character in Oregon. The general salubrity of the climate and healthfulness of the people cannot be questioned."

On the whole this may be considered a pretty good country for

### WILD FRUITS.

We have strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, cranberries, blackberries, thimble-berries, salmon-berries, sal-al berries, huckleberries and what is called the "Oregon grape"—very sour, but the juice makes nice vinegar, and by adding sugar and water I have made most excellent wine of it. I have offered this wine to good judges, who, before knowing what it was made of, pronounced it superior to California wine. One physician, to whom I gave several bottles, assured me that it was the best wine for medical purposes he had ever seen. I have never seen any other person who thought of making any use whatever of these grapes, though I have seen many places, where one man could gather enough of them in a day to make more than a barrel of wine. The root of this wild grape bush, or vine (for it grows on both bushes and vines) is considered a valuable tonic, and is often used in bitters. Now these wild fruits I have mentioned do not grow in every locality. In some localities, in Middle Oregon, and perhaps other parts, there are none; while the cranberry is only found on the sea shore, and the huckleberry is generally found in the mountains. I have never seen any country, where wild strawberries were as abundant, and excellent, as in many places in this and the Umpqua valleys. Our

## CULTIVATED FRUITS

Are apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, aprieots, prunes, grapes, blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, etc., and *figs*. I put this in to correct what I have already stated, as a gentleman of veracity has just told me that he has seen "plenty of fig trees in the orchards of Portland, which bear and mature first rate figs." I am determined to have everything just as it is, so I put in the figs. Our apples are noted for their excellence, and great abundance. We furnish California with thousands of bushels every year. They raise an abundance themselves, but their apples are not as good as ours; while their grapes and peaches are generally considered better. The curculio never injures the plum, and no insect damages the cherry, or apple, that I ever heard of. The caterpillar, in some sections, where people have no time to kill them when they first make their nests in trees in the spring, destroy the leaves and fruit on apple trees. Two years ago, I saw many orchards in Polk County, which, if properly cared for in time, would have produced from five hundred to one thousand bushels of apples each. The owners of these orchards were without apples in the fall, as they raised none, or nearly none. I saved all of my apples, and all the foliage on the trees by one hour's work in the spring. This is not considered a superior peach country. Eighteen years ago I cut down my peach orchard, as the neighbors generally did, because the leaves blighted and curled, and we concluded "peaches wouldn't do well in Oregon." I notice that several trees left standing in the corners have borne very good peaches every year since. I have seen excellent peaches raised at Oregon city and other points, and I believe that Middle Oregon will prove to be a superior peach country, as I hear it has for grapes and sweet potatoes. The apple orchards, in this country, are generally thought to be short lived, as many of them show signs of decay, and have a very sad appearance by the time they are ten or fifteen years old. Many think this is partly owing to the climate, and partly because they "bear themselves to death." To be sure they bear very young, and often break down under their unnatural loads of fruit. But our people cultivate too much. I have never seen an orchard, which has never had a plow in it since it was three years old, which was not perfectly healthy and thrifty when twenty years old. If any man can cite me to one, I will ride fifty miles to see it. You are safe in setting it down that ours is a good fruit country.

## OUR NUT-BEARING TREES,

I am sorry to say, are scarce. I have seen a species of chestnut very small, and almost worthless, growing wild on the Calapooia Mountain, a ridge dividing the Willamette from the Umpqua Valley. We have a great abundance of hazel bushes, bearing a nut as large as your filbert. Our oak trees some years bear such an abundance of acorns, that I have often seen hogs get very fat on them. Black walnut, hickory nut, English walnut, and chestnut trees have been raised by a few from the seed. They all do well so far as I have heard, and some of them are now bearing. Our hoop poles, and splint brooms, are made of hazel, which grows so large that it is often cut for hand-spikes. Of course we have no hickory for ax handles, but we have plenty of imported ones, although one made of Oregon oak is worth two or three hickory handles. We import a great deal of hickory and oak for wagon timber, though our oak growing in wet land, and that growing in thickets of small fir trees, is the toughest and best oak I ever saw in any country. I have a pamphlet on Oregon before me, which says: "There is no hickory or other timber suitable for wagon and carriage work. All that kind of timber used is imported from the Atlantic seaboard." A man who has never been outside of Portland might think so. I have worn out about as many wagons as most any one man in Oregon, and if I intended to have the best possible wagon made now, I would rather have it made of picked Oregon oak than any timber I ever saw. Such wagons are made at North Yamhill, and I presume at many other places.

## OUR FISH AND GAME,

Like other things, is more or less abundant, all over this vast country. When people get here, they will soon learn not to look for speckled trout in the ocean, for codfish in the Willamette River, or for elk in our cow pastures, though many years ago I have seen elk there. We have elk, bear, deer, rabbits, coon, squirrels, swan, geese, brants, ducks, partridges (called by Missourians "pheasants"), quails, sage hens, woodcocks, snipe and "crows." Wild game has constituted much of my meat when I have had time to hunt. The mountain streams all abound in speckled trout. The Columbia River, and I believe all the rivers emptying into the sea, abound in salmon, sturgeon, smelt, and other kinds of fish. At, and near the mouth of the Columbia River, the salmon are very fat, and of a superior quality. In baking one-third of one of



these salmon, I have seen the dripping pan contain over a pint of oil. A good many of these salmon are barreled every year, and sold at home or sent abroad. Parties are now engaged in canning salmon fresh about fifty miles above the mouth of the Columbia. The supplies of salmon, in our waters seem to be exhaustless, and some day our fisheries must become a great source of wealth. The

### FISH MARKET IN PORTLAND

Has been well supplied all this winter, with fish just taken from the Columbia, on the waters of Puget Sound. I have always been able to get a fat salmon for baking whenever I wanted one, weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds, for from fifty to seventy-five cents. We have also sturgeon, codfish, smelt, flounders, rock cod, clams, oysters, and other kinds of salt water fish, fresh nearly all the time. Our

### MARKET FOR WILD GAME

Is supplied with deer, wild geese, swan, partridges, ducks, quails, and occasionally elk and bear. I shall not tell you how fat some of our ducks, geese and swan are, for an Illinois man could hardly believe it. Our new "game law" has just gone into operation, and our supply of venison has suddenly stopped.

### THE MINERALS OF OREGON

Have, as yet, been but little developed, and I presume but a small part of what Nature has hidden under our soil, and in our mountains has yet been discovered. We know that we have iron of a superior quality, and in exhaustless quantities. We have already dug from our soil over forty million dollars in gold, and I do not suppose a tithe of it has yet been reached. Our gold and silver quartz mines will never be fully developed, till we have more people, and more capital. Other minerals have been discovered in different parts of the State, such as stone coal, lead, copper, silver, lime stone, sand stone, white marble and salt. Owing to the scarcity of labor, the want of capital, and the remunerative returns of agriculture, our mineral resources have scarcely been touched. These mines are located in different parts of the State, and some of them in remote sections but little settled. You would think it strange, and almost incredible, if I should assure you, that sands of the sea shore, at the mouth of the Columbia are full of fine gold. I knew men, who still live in Clatsop County, to wash these



sands in 1863 or 1864, and make three dollars a day to the hand. They told me so, they were truthful men, and I saw the gold, saved with quicksilver. They quit work, because they said three dollars a day "wouldn't pay."

Our great want in this country is

### MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENTS

To properly develop the resources of the State, and keep our money at home. To be sure we are pretty well supplied considering our population and means. We have many very fine saw mills, planing mills, sash and door factories, and flouring mills. We have also five or six woolen factories, where the fleece of our sheep is converted into some of the finest cloths, flannels and blankets I ever saw. The mills at Salem, the capital of Oregon, are said to manufacture about forty thousand pounds of wool into cassimeres, flannels, and blankets every year. We have also an oil mill at Salem and a paper mill at Oregon city. We have a few tanneries, but not enough to supply the State with leather. We have the hemlock and oak bark, and are constantly exporting hides. What we want is more tanners. One great drawback to the development of our resources has been the

### SCARCITY AND HIGH PRICE OF LABOR.

Mechanics have generally held their services at from \$3 to \$5 a day, and common laborers in cities and large towns, at from \$2 to \$2 50 per day, without board. While the railroads, and other public improvements, have been paying as high as \$40 a month and board for common hands; farmers could, of course, hire but little help, at \$25 to \$30 a month. This is as much as farmers feel able to pay. Plasterers charge \$5, and stone-cutters \$6 a day. Chinamen cooks in private families get from \$12 to \$30 a month, owing to skill. A raw import from China can often be got from \$8 to \$15, but as soon as he "learns the ropes" he is sure to demand higher wages. Girls who hire out as help generally demand from \$18 to \$30. They are very scarce, as nearly all the single women who come here, generally get married soon after arriving. School teachers get from \$30 to \$50 a month in the country, and board; while in the large towns teachers of superior qualifications get salaries ranging from \$600 to \$2,000 a year. Printers get in Portland 60 cents a thousand ems. Just here, I might as well say, that in speaking of dollars I always mean

## GOLD AND SILVER DOLLARS.

As all our transactions, or nearly all, are done on a coin basis. Currency passes at what it is worth, gold being taken as a standard. Legal tenders have fluctuated in value. During the war they went as low as forty cents to the dollar. They have now been bought and sold for a long time, at from eighty to eighty-nine cents. Where a written contract specifies coin, as the kind of money to be paid, our courts enforce such coin payments under a State law, we call the "specific contract law." If a note is given in which it is not specified that coin is to be paid, the note can be paid in currency at par. If a man contracts a just debt without any agreement, in writing, that he is to pay coin, he can pay it in currency at par, but the transaction is deemed highly dishonorable. If your neighbor should buy a horse of you, promising to pay you a "hundred dollars" in a few days, and he should bring you a hundred dollars in currency, the public would regard him as a robber, who, instead of paying you one hundred dollars as he agreed to, had only paid you eighty-eight or eighty-nine dollars. You will understand pretty well from what I have said our style of doing business.

## OUR SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES

Are so numerous that there are few localities where children cannot occasionally attend school, or where the people generally cannot enjoy some kind of "sanctuary privilege." Perhaps I can give you the best idea of our permanent state provision for the support of education, by quoting from the last biennial message of his Excellency, L. F. Grover, the present Governor of Oregon, to the Legislature met in session last fall.

"The irreducible Common School Fund, arising from sales of the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections in each township of the public lands in Oregon, and those taken in lieu thereof, has now reached the amount of \$450,000, in round numbers.

"The grant of two sections of land in each township throughout the State, for common school purposes, will give to public education over 3,000,000 acres; yielding one-third of this amount for mountain land, not now available, we have two million acres which may be gradually sold and the proceeds invested for common schools. Adding to this the proceeds of the sales of the Internal Improvement lands and the revenue from the Canal and Locks at Oregon City, and it will readily be seen that our Common School Fund may easily reach three million dollars within a reasonable time.

"There was distributed last March, to the several counties, as interest collected on the invested school fund, the sum of \$39,453 71. This is the first assistance which our schools have ever received from the common school grant. A considerably larger sum will be distributed next year, and the work will be followed up by a progressive increase of the distributions from year to year."

In addition to the interest on this irreducible fund, each county levies a tax yearly for common school purposes; and if there is still lacking money, each school district can levy a tax to build houses, hire teachers, and keep up free schools the year round, if they desire. In Astoria, Portland, Salem, and I believe other places, the tax is levied, and the schools are open and free to all. Portland has three very fine buildings in which the public schools are held. The city levied a tax last year, and expended about \$45,000 in paying teachers, and repairing or reconstructing buildings. These schools are what would be considered up to a high standard in New England. The qualifications of their teachers, and the facilities they offer for educating all classes of children, as also the determination of the better portions of the community to keep them up to their present high standard, constitute one of the chief attractions, to draw settlers from the ranks of intelligence and worth.

In addition to our public schools, we have, scattered throughout the State, a good many

### COLLEGES OR HIGH SCHOOLS,

Most of which are under the fostering care of some religious denomination. The *Catholics* have one in Portland, one in Salem, and another in Jacksonville, I believe. The *Episcopalians* have two in Portland and one at Corvallis. The *Methodist E.* have one in Portland, one in Polk county, two in Marion, and one in Douglas county. The *Southern Methodists* have one at Corvallis. The *Presbyterians* have one in Benton, and one in Linn county. The *Congregationalists* have one at Forest Grove, in Washington county, and the *Christians* (commonly called *Campbellites*), have one in Monmouth, Polk county. These high schools are generally in a flourishing condition, and many of them are annually turning out graduates that are a credit to their *Alma Maters*. Salem has also a medical school, which confers medical diplomas.

### OUR CHURCHES

Embrace nearly every denomination known, and if they are not satisfactory, there are plenty of fine openings to start

another church. In Portland, we have churches belonging to the Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Scandinavians, Baptists, Methodists, Unitarians, Episcopalians, Catholics and Israelites. There is quite an element of independents, free thinkers, and Spiritualists. The "free love" persuasion does not seem to flourish on this soil. No "open profession of faith" has yet been made by believers in this creed, if indeed there be a believer in Oregon. On the whole our people are staid, generally religious, vote for Grant, and are remarkably moral, though now and then one chews tobacco or votes for Greeley, and I am sorry to say, I have heard some ox-drivers say "dam." Oregon is also well supplied with

#### DAILY AND WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS.

Portland has three dailies, Salem one. Weekly papers are printed in nearly every important part of the country. They are generally political. The *Advocate*, in Portland, is devoted to the Methodist cause, the *New Northwest*, edited by Mrs. Duniway, to the claims of woman suffrage, the *Sentinel* to the Catholic church, and the *Messenger*, at Monmouth, to the college and Christian church; while the *Willamette Farmer*, at Salem, is the organ of the agricultural community. Some of the papers are conducted with marked ability, though edited by boys raised in Oregon. Their criticisms and reviews are the sure tests of their ability, and many of their reviews are up to the productions of older heads in your eastern cities. I only mention this, to show your average scribes that there is no show for them to come here expecting to become "leading editors." I know many "leading papers" in Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and even New York state, whose editors could hardly reach the position of a local itemizer, on a Portland daily. What is true of newspaper writers, is also true of other professions. I have known many men, who were "prominent men" where they came from, and who thought to "take the lead" as soon as they got here; but who, after many fruitless struggles, finally found their true station in Oregon, in some retired corner where potatoes were to be cultivated, cows milked, and families raised. I have no desire to misrepresent this country, so as to induce a class to come here who, like many I saw when back east, seemed to want to come to this coast because they believed "big men" could be made here, out of very small timber. I saw, in Boston, the president of one of your heaviest railroad companies, that would not be considered here as having ability to serve as vice-president of a "Steam Navigation Company."

To give you some idea of the

## COMMERCE OF OREGON,

*I add tables of statistics furnished me by L. H. Briggs, Esq., of the Custom-house in this city.*

### CUSTOM-HOUSE STATISTICS FOR THE WILLAMETTE AND OREGON DISTRICTS — WILLAMETTE DISTRICT.

Total number of steamers in the District, 40, with an aggregate tonnage of 13,791 tons. Beside these there are 21 sailing vessels of various descriptions, with an aggregate tonnage of 2,013 tons.

Total number of vessels of all kinds, 61, with an aggregate tonnage of 15,814.

#### Tonnage.

Coastwise entrances for the year ended	
December 31, 1872: 82 steamers, 23 barks,	
4 ships, 3 brigs, 1 schooner .....	109,943
Coastwise clearances for same period: 87	
steamers, 2 barks, 3 brigs, 1 schooner .....	85,125
American vessels entered from foreign coun-	
tries for said period: 18 steamers, 8 barks...	11,946
American vessels cleared to foreign countries:	
30 steamers, 4 barks, 1 brig, 1 ship .....	18,944
Foreign vessels entered from foreign coun-	
tries: 12 barks, 2 ships .....	9,140
Foreign vessels cleared for foreign countries:	
13 barks, 2 ships .....	9,372
Total tonnage entered the District during the	
year 1872 .....	131,035
Total tonnage cleared from District during	
same time .....	113,441

This is exclusive of steamboats and other river craft. The difference between the tonnage entered and that cleared is explained by the fact many of the vessels which entered here in the coastwise trade dropped down the river to the Astoria District for part of their cargo, and cleared there.

*Value of Merchandise Imported from Foreign Ports into the District of Willamette, during the Year ended December 31, 1872:*

MONTHS.	From England.	From British Columbia.	From Sandwich Islands.	From Hong Kong.	From other Districts in Bond.
January .....	\$71,817	\$2,473	\$27,025		\$1,494
February .....	56,983	1,340			7,023
March .....	26,940	3,102			2,508
April .....	23,074	1,568			8,437
May .....	1,729	624	43,714		7,694
June .....					1,580
July .....		7,876	41,847	58,328	16,261
August .....		190		51,297	7,340
September .....	59,986	3,336		2,426	4,816
October .....	92,054	132	58,796	498	201
November .....		8,083		2,704	2,477
December .....	18,397	2,538			
Total .....	350,980	31,294	171,332	115,338	59,831

**Total Value of Imports. \$728,825.**

*Value of Merchandise Exported to Foreign Ports from the District of Willamette during the Year ended December 31, 1872:*

MONTHS.	To England.	To British Columbia.	To Ireland.	To Sandwich Islands.	To Hong Kong.
January .....	\$46,775	\$7,219			
February .....	36,549	6,548		2,521	
March .....	116,198	12,092			
April .....	17,964	9,307			
May .....		11,406		2,795	
June .....		12,166			
July .....		13,937	47,003		
August .....		5,772			
September .....	16,620	9,673		3,507	
October .....		14,280	91,956		15,170
Nov .....	53,450	9,742	21,200		18,825
December .....	17,200	46,731	27,300		
Total .....	304,744	107,508	187,549	8,824	33,995

## OREGON DISTRICT.

Vessels belonging to the District,	No.	Tonnage.
Sail.....	33	1,492
Steam.....	14	1,169
Barges.....	2	139
	39	2,800

	Clearances.		Entrances.	
	No.	Tons.	No.	Tons.
Coastwise.....	264	181,908	275	181,127
Foreign.....	6	4,224	19	11,146
	270	186,132	294	192,273

Foreign Imports.....	\$80,715
Foreign Exports.....	127,756
Duty Collected.....	\$25,497.

One steamboat of 105 tons, was built and entered in 1872.

To understand these tables, you must remember that the reports from the "Oregon district" come from the custom-house at Astoria, near the mouth of the Columbia River; while those of the "Willamette district" come from the custom-house in Portland, on the Willamette River, a hundred and ten miles above Astoria. Portland, and not Astoria, is the commercial depot for Oregon, hence nearly all the imports and exports pass under the supervision of the custom-house here, and are embraced in the tables under the head of "Willamette district." You will see by the tables that fourteen steamboats have taken out papers at Astoria, while forty steamers are running under registers, or coasting licenses, taken out in Portland. The

## OREGON STEAMBOATS.

Licensed as above, nearly all belong to three different companies. The Oregon Steam Navigation Company, J. C. Ainsworth president, owns the boats running from Portland to Astoria, and from Portland to the head of navigation on the Columbia, and Snake Rivers. The Willamette Transportation Company, Ben Holladay president, owns several boats running on the Willamette River, and its tributaries above Portland. The Willamette River Transportation Company, L. Goldsmith president, a new company lately organized, is



now fitting up steamboats to carry freight and passengers at reduced rates on the Willamette River and tributaries above Portland. All of these boats on which I have travelled, I consider superior in their accommodations, and gentlemanly bearing of their officers, to steamers I travelled on, running on the Mississippi River and the northern lakes.

### HOUSES TO RENT

Are generally easily obtained, in nearly all of our towns and cities. Property owners, anticipating a constant influx of immigrants, such as new countries are liable to, have built many houses to rent, or sell. Especially is this the case in Portland. As a general rule, the owners wish to rent, so as to get about twelve per cent. interest on their investments. Many will rent for less. A house, say with a kitchen, dining-room, sitting-room, pantry, and two bedrooms, all hard finished, with a cistern or well, on a lot 50 by 100 feet, would rent in Portland for from \$10 to \$18 per month, or sell for from \$800 to \$3,500, owing to location. The lot alone, on which the house stood, would be worth in some parts of the city \$150, while if it stood in a business part it might be worth \$4,000, or more. There is a great variety of houses to rent, ranging all the way from \$8 to \$40 per month. In interior towns, rents, and prices of property, are much lower. The

### COST OF LIVING

Cannot be as well set forth, perhaps, as by our market quotations. The first paper I pick up is the daily *Oregonian*, from which I clip its "RETAIL FAMILY MARKET REPORT."



The following are the prices at which the principal articles of consumption are held by our Retail dealers:

GREEN FRUITS.		
Oranges, per doz.	\$	1 00
Limes, per doz.		65
Cocoanuts, each,		12
Cal. Grapes, per lb.		20
Cranberries, per gal.	75@	90
Lemons, per doz.	75@	1 00
Peaches, per lb.		
Apples per box.	75@	1 00
Plums, per lb.		

DRIED FRUITS.		
	per lb.	
Figs, Cal.	16@	20
Figs, Asia Min., new	30@	37
Figs, " old.	20@	25
Apples		10
Plums, pitless.	20@	25
Prunes, German and French	20@	35
Pears	8@	10
Bananas, per doz.	\$1	00

GROCERIES.		
	per lb.	
Coffee, ground.	30@	37
" green, C. R.	22@	25
" " Rio.		20
" " Java.	30@	33
" Mocha.		60
Sugar, crushed	13½	
" pulverized	13½	
" granulated.		15
" Yellow		14
" Island No. 1.	13@	14
" " No. 2.	9@	10
" " Extra.	12½	
Milk, condensed.		37
Candles, adamantine.	20@	25
" paraffine.	33@	37
" sperm		62
Oil, Kerosene, per gal.		75
Syrup, Golden, per gal.		75
Tea—	per lb.	
Gunpowder.	\$1 25@	1 50
Imperial	1 25@	1 50
Young Hyson.	1 10@	1 50
Hyson	1 00@	1 25
English Breakfast.	90@	1 25
Japan	75@	90

PROVISIONS, ETC.		
Butter—	per lb.	
Fancy Dairy.		50
Good	40@	45
Ordinary	25@	30
Cooking		20

Cheese, California.		25
" eastern.		25
" Oregon.		25
Ham, country.		18
" city.	20@	22
" Sugar-cured	22½@	25
Shoulders	11@	13
Bacon, clear sides.	15@	16
" Breakfast		18
Lard—		
Pure leaf, in tin.	17@	18
Good, in tins.		15
In bulk.		15
Honey, Yellow Comb.		25
" White.		37
Eggs, per doz.		25

BREADSTUFFS.		
Flour—	per sack	
Fancy brands.	\$1	60
Choice		1 25
Common		1 02
Graham, extra.		1 50
Corn Meal, Cal., per lb.	4@	5
" Oregon.	4@	5

POULTRY.		
	per pair.	
Hens, grown.	\$1 00@	1 25
Roosters, grown.		1 25
Spring chickens		1 00
Ducks, tame		1 50
Geese, tame.		3 00
Turkeys		5 00

CANNED GOODS.		
	per doz.	
Oysters, 2-lb cans.	\$4 00@	5 00
" 1-lb cans	3 00@	3 50
Lobsters, 2-lb cans.	3 75@	4 50
" 1-lb cans.	2 50@	3 00
Sardines, quart tins.	4 00@	4 50
" half tins.	5 00@	6 00
Clams.	3 25@	4 00
Green Corn, 2-lb cans.	3 50@	4 00
" Peas "	4 00@	4 50
" Beans "	3 50@	4 00
Tomatoes	3 50@	4 00
Peaches 2½-lb cans.	4 00@	4 50
Pine-Apples, 2-lb cans.	4 25@	4 50
Strawberries	4 50@	5 00
Blackberries	4 00@	5 00
Apricots 2-lb cans	3 50@	4 50
Jellies in tins	6 00@	7 50
Jams, in tins	4 50@	6 00
Mushrooms, per doz.		6 50

## MARKETS—CONTINUED.

SAUCES, ETC.			FISH.	
	pts.	qts.		per lb.
Worcester Sauce.....	\$5 00	@9 00	Eastern Cod.....	15
Catsup, Tomatoe.....	2 50	@3 00	Pacific Cod.....	8@ 12
Catsup, Mushroom.....	4 30	@6 00	Sturgeon.....	5
Capers.....	4 50	@6 00	Salmon.....	8@ 10
Curry Powders.....	5 50	@6 00	Dessicated Cod.....	20
Mustard, French.....	2 75	@3 25	Mackerel, per kit.....	2 50@4 50
“ California.....	2 50	@3 00	Fresh Oysters, per 100...	75
Pickles, English, pts.....	6 10		VEGETABLES.	
Pickles, English, qts.....	9 00			per lb.
NUTS.			Squash.....	3
	pts.	qts.	Beets.....	3
Almonds.....	30	@40	Onions.....	4
Walnuts.....	20	@25	Carrots.....	3
Brazil.....	25	@30	Turnips.....	3
Filberts.....	20	@25	Garlic.....	25
Peanuts.....	15	@20	Calery per doz.....	2 00
Pecan.....	25	@30	Cabbage, per doz.....	75@1 00
Chestnuts.....	37		Cauliflower, per doz.....	2 50
Hickory.....	25		Potatoes, new.....	7
GAME.			Asparagus.....	50
	per pair.		Lettuce, per doz.....	75
Ducks.....	62@ 75		MEATS.	
Geese.....	1 50			per lb.
Swan.....	2 00		Beef.....	10@12
Grouse.....	75		Beef, choice cuts.....	18@25
Pheasants.....	62		Mutton.....	12@15
Venison, per lb.....	10@12		Mutton, choice cuts.....	20
			Veal.....	12@20
			Pork.....	12@15
			Pork, choice cuts.....	20

But here come the

## WHOLESALE PRICES

Of a few articles as given by the daily *Bulletin*:

PORTLAND, March 7.

**WHEAT**—Prices continue firm at \$1 55@1 60  $\frac{3}{4}$  cental. Receipts fully equal to the demand, although there would be no difficulty in disposing of a large lot at those rates.

**OATS**—Trade rather active and prices firm. But few changes noted; 55@60 per bushel freely offered.

**FLOUR**—Owing to San Francisco demands there is a continued buoyancy in trade, and rates are ruling from \$4 50@5 50 per bbl.

**BARLEY**—But little offering. Prices continue firm at \$1 45@1 50 ¢ cental.

**POULTRY**—Chickens scarce, and in good demand at \$4@ \$4 50 ¢ dozen.

**BUTTER**—Inferior quality a drag. Country brands bring 25 to 30c., while fancy dairy is in good demand at 40@45c. ¢ lb.

**EGGS**—Transactions brisk, owing to heavy shipments below. They continue scarce at 20c. ¢ doz.

**BACON**—The demand is nominal, and the supply on hand abundant. Sides, 10@11½c. ¢ lb; shoulders, 9@10; Hams, 12@14.

**SEEDS**—Timothy 12½c.; Clover, 23@25c.; White Clover. 75c.; Blue Grass, 31½c.; Orchard Grass, 37½c.; Chile Clover, 25c.; Hungarian Grass, 25c.; Apple, \$1 25c.; Pear, \$5; Peach Pits, 7c.; Onion Setts, 12½c.; Pop Corn, 8c; Lintels, 10c.; Vetches, 25c.; Turnip, \$1; Canary, 10c.; Hemp, 10c.; Rape, 10c. per lb.

**HAY**—Is in somewhat better demand, and remains firm at the old figures — \$15@18 for Timothy, and \$8@11 for wild.

**SOAP**—Oregon manufacture, Pale 7c.; C. O., 7½c.; Erasive, 8c.; Morena, 6½c., and Glycerine Toilet, 18½c. per lb.

**HIDES**—Green Salt, 7½c.; green, 6c.; dry, 16c.; dry salted, 12½c. ¢ lb.

**FURS**—Beaver, \$@1 25; Mink, \$1@75; Otter, \$2@3 50; Fisher, \$2@3 50.

**DRIED FRUITS**—Apples, in sacks, 6@7c. per lb; in kegs, 7@8c.; Plums (pitless), 18@20c.

**LARD**—In 10 lb cans, 11@12c.; in kegs, 10@11c.

I will add, that calico is worth 12½c., while sheeting, nails, clothing, and in fact almost every other article of general merchandise, is sold here at only a slight advance on eastern prices. You can generally buy anything here you can get in New York city. All kinds of farming implements, machinery, etc., are sold here, and some are manufactured in the State. A very large establishment is now being completed in Salem, where it is proposed to turn out agricultural implements, and keep a great deal of our money at home.

#### LAWFUL INTEREST ON MONEY,

Loaned or due, is ten per cent., though twelve per cent. can be taken by special agreement. To loan money, at a higher rate than twelve per cent., subjects the principal and interest to a forfeiture, to the school fund, by our "usury law." Notes are almost universally taken drawing twelve per cent.

## STOCK RAISING IN OREGON,

As you will judge from what I have already said, has always been a profitable and popular business here. The most favored locality for stock raisers is found east of the Cascade Mountains, though the facilities for this business are very fine west of the Coast Chain all along the sea shore, where the climate, though damp, is very mild, and where the level tracts of land, though generally small, are rich, and produce excellent grass. The tide lands along the sea shore, the open plains adjoining, and even the mountains just back of these bald hills and plains, or prairies, afford good range the year round. Our best butter is made near the mouth of the Columbia, and all along the sea shore going south from Astoria. The Umpqua Valley is a noted sheep country. Rogue River Valley is also a fine stock country, while Middle Oregon is really the great western paradise of stock raisers. There rain seldom falls in winter, and the bunch grass, which covers the high rolling plains — almost illimitable in extent, is seldom covered with snow, so as to prevent cattle and horses from subsisting on it. I have known three or four hard winters, where stock raisers who had large bands of horses, cattle and sheep, but had no feed provided, lost considerable stock. It is true, though few eastern people know it, that vast herds of horses and cattle are subsisted on grass alone, most of the year round, in the passes of the Rocky Mountains, through which is to run the North Pacific Railroad. They live in this way, in the northern portion of Montana, Washington Territory, and on Vancouver's Island, as high as fifty degrees north latitude — more than two hundred miles further north than Moose-head Lake in Maine. The

## COST OF RAISING STOCK

Is, of course very inconsiderable in such a country. I will take the government statistics to show the cost of feeding stock for one year in Maine, also for the same year in Oregon. In 1860, Maine produced 975,716 tons of hay, and fed it to 890,148 head of stock, embracing horses, mules, cattle and sheep. Oregon, the same year, produced 26,441 tons of hay, and fed it to 267,125 head of stock. In Maine, each animal consumed on an average 2,197 pounds of hay, against 197 pounds consumed in Oregon. Calling this hay worth only six dollars a ton, the cost of wintering an animal in Maine was \$6 59. In Oregon 59 cents. The animals in Maine that consumed this hay were worth \$15,437,533 — or \$17 34 each. The stock in Oregon was worth \$6,272,892 — or \$23 49 each. Now supposing this

stock to have been three years old, and ready for market. The cost of raising an animal in Maine worth \$17 34, was \$19 77. The cost of raising one in Oregon, worth \$23 49, was \$1 77. The clear profit on one Oregon animal was \$21 72. The loss on one in Maine was \$2 43. Profit on one hundred animals in Oregon, \$2,172. Loss on one hundred in Maine, \$243. If I should take into account the time used in housing, feeding, cleaning stables, etc., and the grain fed in Maine, the balance would be much greater in our favor. If I had made this statement, without the figures to support it, who would have believed it? The government made the figures, and I believe they are correct. In August, 1868, I spent five weeks in Maine, a country I never saw before, and never want to see again. When I saw farmers working all summer to get thirty or forty tons of hay *into* their barns, so they could work all winter in pitching it *out*, I said to some of them, where is the stock you expect to eat this hay? When shown the stock, I could hardly believe such a pile of hay could be got through them in one winter. I have actually seen more stock wintered in Oregon on less straw than would fill one bed tick. I saw the farmers had no time to figure, for they were too busy in getting in hay. I took the government statistics, made the figures, and showed them the result. They seemed to be astonished, but still thought Maine men must have some advantage over us. I said, in what? They thought that they certainly must excel in home manufactures, as much as they fell behind on stock. I immediately referred to the government reports again, and showed them that in 1860, Maine had from the products of her home manufactures, gardens and orchards, \$1 72 to each man, woman and child in the State; while Oregon had from the same sources \$11 57. Maine produced to each person in the State 11.7 quarts of wheat—Oregon produced 15.7 bushels. Now the difference is not quite so great between Illinois, or Iowa, and Oregon, as between Oregon and Maine. But I can take the figures and show that *any* of your Western States is a hard country to raise stock in, make money in, and get rich in, compared to this country. Our stock in quality is much the same as that of Illinois.

We have considerable

#### IMPORTED STOCK,

Consisting of some of the best breeds of sheep, imported from the Eastern States and Europe. Also horses, cattle, hogs, fowls, and Angora goats. I understand, J. G. Reed, Vice President of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, has

spent \$35,000 in importing fine horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, and fowls, with which to stock several farms owned by him in this valley. Other gentlemen in different sections are also beginning to sell the increase from very choice stock imported by them. I am not able to give much idea of the ruling prices of blooded stock, but I learn the prices here are about the same as in Illinois or Vermont.

### THE PRICES OF COMMON STOCK

Vary a little in different localities. Good work horses may be set down as ranging from \$80 to \$150 each. Owing to age, size, and habits, work oxen (very scarce), from \$75 to \$100. Milk cows, from \$20 to \$25. Sheep, from \$2 to \$3. Stock hogs, weighing 100 lbs. — say \$3 50 to \$4.

### THE DISEASES AMONG STOCK

Is what you want next, of course. Thirty years ago, when in Illinois, I read of the remarkable advantages of this country for stock raising. I concluded that there must be some great "drawbacks" that had never been published. I reasoned that in a country where stock increased so rapidly, at so little cost, "Nature," to equalize things, must occasionally kill off the flocks and herds with epidemics, or destructive influences in some shape. This is not the fact. If I could only tell you of some terrible "drawback" of this kind I would, as I know it would be a great comfort to many an old "Uncle Johnny" over with you, whose young America sons, with frost bitten ears, and longings for a better country, are showing unmistakable symptoms of the Oregon fever. We have no hog cholera, and I do not think I ever lost a horse, a sheep, or "cow brute" with any disease, except what was brought on by hunger and exposure during a hard winter — excepting one calf, which died from what I thought must be the mad itch. I have never seen or heard of a similar case in the country. Cases of the hollow horn sometimes occur. I have known several horses, that were kept up and fed on dry feed, take the blind staggers, but never knew one that was not cured, when he was drenched a few times with a pint of coal oil. I have seen many sheep have the scab, especially on Clatsop Plains, near Astoria, and I have heard that sheep in the Willamette Valley have died with a disease supposed to be the rot. I cannot say whether this report was true or not. Elder S. S. Rowland, M. D., A. M., who has lived here twenty-seven or twenty-eight years, has just staid over night with me. He has

a stock ranch in Middle Oregon, and I believe generally keeps from seventy-five to one hundred brood mares, at a cost of almost nothing for feed. I said to him, do you ever lose any horses? He replied, "I have kept an accurate book account of increase and loss for years past. In running over my book for the last five or eight years, you would be astonished to see the increase. My losses are almost nothing." The insects that annoy stock, are fully as scarce as are diseases.

### WOOD-TICKS, FLIES AND GNATS

Comprise all these annoyances that I know of. Wood-ticks are apt to get on horses and cattle in great numbers when running out and exposed to cold rains. In spring they shed the ticks all off. I have never heard of ticks in Middle Oregon. Flies and gnats are seldom seen in the valleys, though when hunting in the mountains my horses have been considerably annoyed by them. In descending into the valley, the flies have invariably left the horses. When men told me in Tennessee, that in plowing corn they had to sit on the plow in the burning sun to rest, "'cause they couldn't sit in the shade for the cussed skeeters;" and men who lived in the Mississippi and Arkansas bottoms told me that they often had to build fires in the day time to make smoke their cattle could stand in, to "keep off the dod-rotted flies," I always remembered the next time I said my prayers to thank God for having made the Pacific Coast.

You will probably conclude, as I did, before coming here, that we have very

### MUDDY ROADS

In winter, and a muddy country generally. True, our roads which are dry, hard, and sometimes quite dusty in summer, are quite muddy in winter, where they are travelled much. Roads that are well turnpiked are generally pretty fair all winter. As a general thing, the pastures, prairies, and all unimproved lands, not under water, are not muddy. I was surprised when first coming here, to find I could walk over the country in winter and encounter so little mud. To a thinking man, the reason suggests itself in a moment. Frost makes mud, not rains. The rains pack down our prairies, and keep them solid, while in Illinois freezing and thawing make detestable mud every spring.

Immigrants coming here often rent farms for the first year or two. This gives them a good chance to look at the country well before settling permanently.



### THE RATES OF FARM RENTS

Are generally about these: You take the farm, buildings and orchard, finding your own seed, teams, etc., giving the owner of the land one-third of what you raise in the half bushel. Sometimes farmers rent for cash—terms owing to land, location, etc., just as you can strike a bargain.

### OUR TAXES

Differ a little in different localities. In Multnomah County, the county seat of which is Portland, our State and county tax last year was thirteen mills on the dollar. In Yamhill County I believe it was twelve mills. These rates would probably be an average for the whole State.

### OUR RAILROADS BEING BUILT

Are the Oregon and California Railway, running from East Portland to Sacramento, California,—about six hundred miles. This road runs through the Willamette Valley, on the east side of the Willamette River. It passes through Oregon city, Salem, Albany, Harrisburg, and Eugene city, all flourishing and beautiful places of note in the Willamette Valley. Leaving this valley it passes through the Umpqua, as far as Roseburg, a flourishing and lively place. The railroad is now complete only to Roseburg, distant from Portland two hundred miles. A passenger train runs daily between Portland and Roseburg, making the distance in twelve hours and fifteen minutes—fare, \$14 75. Fare to Albany, eighty-one miles from Portland, \$4 00. On the boats of the Willamette Transportation Company, \$2 00. On the boats of the Willamette River Transportation Company, \$1 50. The railroad is, when completed, to pass through the Rogue River Valley, and connect near the California line with the Central Pacific Railroad, Oregon division, being built through the Sacramento Valley, and which has already reached a point as far north as Red Bluff, California. The gap between Roseburg, Oregon, and Red Bluff, California, is now supplied with a line of daily stages. Price of fare through from San Francisco to Portland, \$45. There is also a railroad being built through the Willamette Valley on the west side. It starts from Portland, and runs south to St. Joseph, a new town laid out on the Yamhill River, to which point cars are now running—distance, forty-eight miles; passage, three dollars. From St. Joseph it is proposed to run this road through the valley south, to a place

called Junction, where the east side road crosses the Willamette near Harrisburg, to the west side. Distance from Portland, one hundred and twenty miles. The same company that owns these two roads have a conditioned government land grant for a road running from Portland to Astoria. The land grant I consider the most valuable of any that has been obtained on this coast. I know not whether the road will be built or not. Besides these roads we have several

### PROJECTED RAILROADS.

It is proposed to build a road from Portland to Salt Lake, passing up the Columbia River, by way of the Dalles, and through Boise city, Idaho. But the great and most important road for Oregon is the NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD, which will probably be completed in about three years. The eastern portion of this road, as well as the western end, will be pushed forward with all possible speed. It is now complete from Kalama, a few miles from Portland, to within a few miles of Olympia, on Puget Sound. The road runs from Duluth, on Lake Superior, through the richest and most attractive portions of the great interior of the North American continent, passing down the Columbia River to Portland, and running thence to Puget Sound, a harbor that I do not think can be excelled on the globe. This road is the shortest route to China; from Boston or New York by about six hundred miles. It passes through the lowest depressions of the Rocky Mountains yet found, and will meet with comparatively little obstruction from snow. It is on a line of the most favorable combination of the current, and wind forces of the Pacific, in going from this coast to China. In passing through Montana, Idaho, Washington Territory, and Eastern Oregon, it will thread its way through a vast and almost illimitable interior, a country without a rival in the beauty and grandeur of its scenery, in the healthfulness of its climate, in its pastoral advantages, and in its yet almost untouched mineral resources. This road is to be the "great highway of nations," over which will pass most of the trade and travel around the world. It is to bring an empire in population to these shores, and over this highway are to come from our vast interior, butter, beef, wool, fruits, grains, gold and silver, as a constant wave of exhaustless wealth, flowing to a seaboard; where are ere long to spring up cities that will rival New York and Boston in trade and population, and where ships from all nations will discharge and receive their mighty cargoes. This is no fancy picture; no high colored drawing of an excited fancy. They are words of truth and

soberness, which, although sounding like idle tales to a man who has not yet shed off his butternut breeches, yet seen and appreciated by intelligent business men, who are now spending millions upon millions to open up this great highway, and proving by their works, their faith in the future of a country, which is yet to astonish the world with its greatness and glory.

### SUMMER RESORTS,

Though not as necessary here as on the Atlantic coast, are, nevertheless, abundant. Our seashore, all along the coast from Astoria, south, affords many nice places for catching fish, feasting on clams or oysters, and bathing in the surf. The coast is accessible by the way of the Columbia and Umpqua rivers, as also numerous trails and several wagon roads crossing the Coast Mountains in different places. We have also two soda springs in the Willamette Valley, the waters of which are pleasant to drink, and contain medicinal properties, which have caused many remarkable cures of old chronic diseases. I believe these springs to be superior to those of Saratoga and St. Albans, judging by the cures I have seen effected by the waters of each. These springs are beginning to be popular summer resorts. Besides these, we have crystal clear lakes and roaring rivers in our mountains, where our exhausted students, our worn out school teachers, and every body else that wants to, can camp out, pick huckleberries, catch trout, kill deer, elk and grouse, and have no fears of Indians, wild beasts, or creeping things. Those who desire to can go to Mount St. Helens, Mount Ranier, Mount Adams, Mount Jefferson, the Three Sisters, or Mount Hood—all peaks covered with eternal snows, and most of them visible in many places in the valley. The traveller can, as many have done before, clamber to the very apex of even Mount Hood, the tallest of these mountains, and standing at an elevation of sixteen thousand feet, look off upon the ocean more than a hundred miles away, and take in at one glance an area of country four times as large as Massachusetts; a country made up of mountains and hills, plains, and valleys; where plains are pastures for cattle; where valleys are yellow with golden grain, and where beautiful rivers wind through the valleys and their tributaries, go dashing down the mountain sides, all glistening like silver threads under the warm mellow rays of a Pacific summer's sun. Any man who will climb these mountains in a clear day, will see all this and more; and if he has a soul, he will think the sight is worth more than a crown. I have tried in vain to get some men to drink in the inspiration of this

scenery with me. Their eyes were ever on the ground; they were too lazy to climb the rugged mountains; they saw no beauty in the scenery, and seemed to be disgusted, because there were no whiskey shops there, and no good openings for corn fields or hog pens. *Such* men will swear that I have "overrated this scenery, *shoar*." Of course you will bear in mind that I regard this coast as peculiarly adapted to men who have souls. I do not think God ever made it for jackasses. A young one might become accustomed to this country, but an old one couldn't for a long time. I found such men east were always arguing that there must be some great "drawbacks" here that people didn't tell of. If nothing else, they thought we must be constantly in great

### DANGER OF INDIANS.

The Indians in Oregon are nearly all on reservations. The few stragglers that roam the country are objects of pity rather than of fear. A handful of Modocs, on the Oregon and California line, about four hundred miles south of here, variously estimated at from twenty-seven to one hundred strong, lately broke out and killed several settlers down on that frontier. Stokes also "broke out" in New York city and killed Fisk; and a man visiting New York is in more danger of being robbed or murdered by whites there than he would be in from Indians here. There are ten chances for a man to be struck by lightning during one of your thunder storms in Illinois, twenty chances to be killed by a hurricane, and a hundred chances to be frozen to death, while there is one here to get killed by an Indian. People here fear Indians, just as they do in Chicago, for the danger there is just as great as it is here; no more, no less. I shouldn't have devoted as much space to this matter if I had not in travelling through the States east found many people who thought farmers in Oregon had to carry their guns into the field when they went to plow, just as they did when New England was first settled. I found very many people who thought Oregon was a wilderness infested with savages, hungry for blood, and ever anxious to add to a long string of Anglo Saxon scalps, hung up in almost every wigwam. But you wish to know what is

### THE CHANCE FOR GETTING LAND.

The European and Oregon Land Company claim to hold in possession and in prospect 4,608,000 acres of land in Oregon, it being a congressional land grant to the Oregon and California

Railway Company. A part of this land has already been thrown upon the market. The better portions of the Willamette, Umpqua, and Rogue River valleys, having been taken by actual settlers before these railways were projected, the land granted to this company, must of course, lie mostly back in the foot hills, and along the slopes of the mountains. I am informed, however, that their lands embrace some rich spots in different localities. Much of this land, even in the mountains, has a rich soil, and will ere long be valuable for timber, and for grazing purposes when cleared, and seeded down for grass. This land is all, or nearly all, what would be considered in New England rich, land on which a German would thrive and grow wealthy, though it would not be apt to suit a western man. Around Astoria there is a great deal of land unsettled, most of which is timbered land, but which, owing to the dampness of that climate is about as good grass land as we have in the State. It is also very fine for vegetables and fruit. In Middle and Eastern Oregon, as also in some parts of Washington Territory there are vast tracts of grazing lands unoccupied, as also many favorite spots for raising grain, vegetables, and fruit. In the Willamette, Umpqua and Rogue River valleys, especially in the two former, the land was taken up under the "donation law" of 1850, which gave to every man arriving in Oregon, previous to 1854, three hundred and twenty acres, and the same amount if married to his wife, to be held in her own right. This gave a mile square of land to each family. Many of these families still hold their old section, or six hundred and forty acres of land. Some have bought out their neighbors, and now hold from eight hundred to two thousand acres. Many of these men will sell a part of their farms, others would like to sell out entirely and go to Middle Oregon, or over on the coast. Improved farms, with comfortable houses, barns, outhouses and orchards, are held at from fifteen to forty dollars an acre, owing much to quality of land, cost of improvements, proximity to towns, river landings, railroad depots, and the anxiety of the owner to sell. Titles to land here are the best that could be made. I know now where I can buy prairie lands, all under fence, and mostly in cultivation, at from twenty to twenty-five dollars an acre, part pay down, and balance on such time, as will enable the buyer to make the money off the land. I know one man who a few years ago commenced with nothing. He bought a farm for six thousand dollars, agreeing to pay it all in wheat, in agreed installments, and at a fixed price. He long since paid for the farm, and I hear he has since sold it for eight thousand dollars in gold. I know several more, who came here in 1850 or 1852,

when they could have located a section under the donation law, but who preferred to rent other people's land. They are hunting land to rent yet; have hard work to pay their store bills, over and above what their wives cancel by making butter, and knitting socks. Their heads don't seem to be shaped just right for owning land, or much of anything else. I am very particular in mentioning these cases, as one of the "drawbacks," as all such people would say I told terrible lies about Oregon if I said every body got rich here. It *would* be a lie, and an unjustifiable slander on some very good people who astonished everybody, when they found their way out here. A farm here ought to be worth, and in reality is worth, twice as much as one of the same size in Illinois. If what I have said of this climate and country is true, could any man doubt that he would better himself and family by selling his farm there, and buying one here at the same price per acre? Yet there are many men there, who could sell from fifty to seventy-five dollars a acre, who might think better land here was too high at twenty or twenty-five dollars. By *better* land, I don't mean blacker land, or land that will produce more corn. I mean land that will produce two or three times as much wheat, two or three times as *good* wheat, as many oats, peas, potatoes, as much barley, and tame grass; more than twice the fruit, and better fruit, and where one-fifth of the labor spent in Illinois will keep a field free of weeds; where the days are comfortable in summer, the nights cool; and where in winter, though *we* have a good deal of rain, *you* have winters that I would call *infernal*. I have been speaking of present prices. I cannot say what land will be worth one or two years hence. City property and farming lands have advanced very materially in the last five years. The expected influx of immigrants will, of course, constantly advance property. I hold that when the advantages of this country become fully understood, there will be a rush to this coast that will advance the price of land above the present prices in New England. Then here, as there, our farms will be cut up into twenty, forty, and sixty acre tracts. Farms will be adorned with beautiful residences, shade trees will ornament our lanes, the land will be cultivated as it ought to be, farmers will raise more than they now do, and with less labor, and this State will be the abode of millions of as prosperous and happy people, as there are in North America.

#### THE EXPENSE OF BUILDING HOUSES

Varies a little in different sections. Along the base of the mountains, as a general rule, there are sawmills in abundance,

which sell rough lumber at from eight to twelve dollars per thousand feet. Dressed lumber is generally worth from twenty to twenty-five dollars in Portland. I quote from the *Oregonian* as follows:

**BUILDING MATERIAL**—Local demand dull at prices ranging, for rough lumber, \$12@14; dressed \$22@30; flooring, \$24@28; lath, \$3 per M; shingles, \$2 50; Eastern hardwood, \$17@20c. per foot.

**CEMENT, ETC.**—New Jersey, \$6; Astoria, \$4 50; Calcine Plaster, \$5; Land Plaster, \$2 50; Santa Cruz Lime, \$1 75; San Juan Lime, \$2 75.

In speaking of lumber, I am reminded that I have given you no adequate idea of our resources in timber. I could take you one day's ride from Portland into the Coast Mountains, and show you thousands upon thousands of yellow fir and larch (or mountain fir as some call it) trees, measuring from four to nine feet in diameter, running up as straight as an arrow, two hundred and fifty feet; often one hundred and fifty feet of which are without a limb. Any lumberman can soon tell how many of these trees it would require to make lumber enough to fence in the United States.

## OUR CITIES AND TOWNS

Are none of them large, Portland being the largest place in the State, yet having only about eleven thousand inhabitants. It is the emporium of trade for the most part of Oregon and Washington Territory. It stands at the head of ship navigation on the Willamette, twelve miles above its junction with the Columbia River, and is easily accessible, by water, by rail, or wagon roads, from every part of the great grain growing districts of the State. Here are found banks, wholesale stores, machine shops, street cars, and most of the comforts and conveniences to be found in much larger cities. Many of its private residences and its public buildings would be no discredit to any city. It has as fine a public market as I ever saw in any city, while its public school buildings, as also those for select schools have been built at much cost for a young place like this. Its hotels are commodious, and several of them first class. Portland will maintain its position as the commercial metropolis of Oregon. Its anticipated rapid growth to greatness will be assured by the completion of the North Pacific Railroad, and a consequent influx of immigration.



## OREGON CITY,

Twelve miles above Portland, though not as large as Portland, is a lively place, and having the best water power in the State, is sure to become a place of importance. Here the Willamette River falls perpendicularly over a ledge of rocks about forty feet. Locks have lately been constructed at a cost of over five hundred thousand dollars, so that steamboats can now pass from Astoria to Eugene city, near the head of the Willamette Valley, without unloading. Oregon city has a paper mill and woolen factory.

## SALEM,

The capital of Oregon, fifty miles south of Portland, on the east bank of the Willamette, is really the prettiest place in the State. Its broad streets, nice residences, fine public buildings, together with the staid and sober character of its people, render it attractive to such as like to live in a fine city, and in the country at the same time. Its nice drives, over smooth prairies, and gravelly suburban roads, render it peculiarly attractive to such as are able to keep fast horses and fine carriages. Still further south, are Albany, Corvallis, Harrisburg, and Eugene city, all on the Willamette River; all surrounded by a rich farming country, and all rapidly improving. In the Umpqua Valley is Roseburg, a growing place, having an outlet to the sea by Umpqua River, and communication with Portland by railroad. It is said to be the most thriving, promising, and interesting place in Umpqua. Jacksonville, in Rogue River Valley, is also a growing place, possessing many advantages. Besides these are many other thriving towns in these valleys too numerous to mention. Astoria is a pleasant town, and a popular resort in summer on account of its proximity to the ocean, and sea breezes and healthy climate. In Middle Oregon, the Dalles, Wallula, Umatilla, La Grande, Union city, Baker city, and several other places are beginning to make a noise in this western world.

## THE CHARACTER OF OUR PEOPLE

Is about what might be expected from the early settlements of this country by immigrants from nearly every State east of the Rocky Mountains, but mostly from the Mississippi Valley. Take the population of Illinois to-day, and it would pretty fairly represent our people as a mixture. We have few colored people, but several whites who speak their language fluently.

As a general rule, our citizens are a sober, industrious, law abiding people. The rights of persons and property are as well protected here, I think, as in any other State. Like people in all the Western and Southern States, our people have more faith in politicians, theologians and astrologers, than they have in New England. I have never met a man, however, in Oregon who is not "open to conviction;" who is not willing to investigate at least one side of every great question.

### THE COLUMBIA RIVER BAR

Is not as bad as some people represent it to be, while it is worse than some interested parties have pictured it. The man who crosses it in the winter just after a storm, will abandon all ideas of its feasibility as a very good duck pond. I have been on this bar, when I wished I was somewhere else; yet I have crossed the bar at Greytown, in Central America, when nearly as bad, in an open boat. There is no use in lying about this bar, in making it better or worse than it really is. It is a rough bar in a storm, no mistake. Vessels couldn't lie on their beam end for days at a time off the mouth of the Columbia, as I have seen them do off the mouth of the Mississippi River, without being in danger of being thumped to pieces. On our bar the channel is deep, and well defined. There are not many days in any one winter, when a good tug boat cannot cross it and tow ships in or out. I crossed this bar in 1849, on the Helen M. Fiedler from Baltimore, by way of San Francisco. Captain Willits had never been here before, yet he ran in without a pilot. The captain said to me after we were over, "I never saw a place that has been lied about as much as the mouth of the Columbia. I would rather run into this harbor than the harbor of New York. I could write whole pages from the reports of such men as John Maginn, President of the Board of Pilots in New York, the reports from the General Land Office in Washington city, and statements of officers of United States revenue cutters, added to the statements of commanders of sailing vessels and steamers of all sizes, all stating in the most emphatic manner their opinion that with proper steam tugs *"the entrance to the mouth of the Columbia is as safe as that of the Golden Gate, the Straits of Fuca, or the harbor of New York."* The facts are worth more than any amount of statements and reports. It is claimed to be a fact, that for the last six years only one vessel has been lost on the bar, out of about two thousand crafts that have crossed it. This was the W. B. Scranton, which, in trying to sail over without the assistance of a steam tug, was lost, by reason of a lull in the wind while

crossing, when an adverse tide set the vessel over on the sands. If these are facts, what harbor on earth can make as good a showing. I know that the Golden Gate cannot, neither can the Straits of Fuca, two harbors noted for their excellence and safety. The Columbia River harbor has a first class light-house, with a good fog bell. The bar is carefully buoyed, and pilots and steam tugs are there, or ought to be there. With proper legislation, and such enforcement of law as will make these tugs and pilots do their duty, our commerce is pretty safe.

In what I have said of Oregon as a State, you will observe that my eye has rested mostly on the Willamette Valley, though often compelled in passing along to glance at other sections. Though much of what I have said of this valley is applicable to other sections, yet there are many peculiarities that belong to each division comprising the State. As one's eye takes in the whole range of the country, he sees a thousand and one things pertaining to the character of as many localities that he wants to stop and mention, but which would take a large book to enumerate the half of them. It seems to be a country, where a man can find almost any kind of climate, soil, scenery, adaptability to callings or pursuits, and where a man generally falls in love with the place where he first gets acquainted, and settles down permanently in the neighbourhood of the very spot where he first stops.

### THE UMPQUA VALLEY

Is not as large as the Willamette, which contains about eighty millions of acres, while the Umpqua embraces about ten and a quarter millions. It being further south, it has, of course, a little less rainfall, and more sunny days perhaps in winter. It is made up of a succession of oval hills, covered with nutritious wild grass, and many of them ornamented with beautiful white oak groves, with small valleys of rich prairie land between the hills. I knew many pioneers settle in Umpqua, from twenty to twenty-five years ago, owing to what they thought its superior attractions. I have passed through this valley twice. I will tell you what I saw there. Nearly twenty-one years ago, in the early part of May, I came from California to Oregon with pack animals. When I struck the Umpqua Valley, my companion and I stripped the saddles and packs from our jaded horses, and turned them out to graze, on grass waist high. This grass, as far as I could see, covered the undulating prairies, and was gently waved by a cool and delightful sea breeze. The soft clear atmosphere, mellowed with the rays of a warm sun, seemed to have all the golden glory of an Italian climate. I

threw myself upon the ground, covered by very large ripe delicious strawberries, and ate to satiety. My rifle soon brought down a deer, out of more than twenty that grazed within a mile of camp. Feasting over, my companion strolled to a clear rapid mountain stream near by, and picked up in the crevice of a rock under water, a piece of pure gold, about as large as a kernel of corn. I took my tin pan and washed gold from dirt I got from several small brooks running down the hill sides. I washed dirt in many places on brooks down in the level prairie, and never failed to get from ten to thirty particles of gold from every panfull washed. Three years ago, last December, I again passed through this valley, now settled up by thriving agriculturists. Instead of deer, I saw sheep, cattle, horses and hogs in all the valleys, and on all the hills. Thriving villages had succeeded to Indian wigwams; villages where church spires and school-houses were indices that pointed to the character of the people, and where the flower skirted paths, adjacent to many a neatly painted residence, gives a traveller about as good an idea of the character and tastes of their owners, as any other one thing could. In Roseburg I was presented with ripe strawberries, just gathered on a hill side in the open fields, by a lady who still lives there. Having passed through Umpqua twice, once in May, and again in December, after a lapse of eighteen years, and having seen ripe strawberries both times, I judge that the climate of that valley is not objectionable. The only "drawback" that I ever saw, or ever heard of in this valley, is the soil in places is composed of a very sticky clay, which though black as ink, is no more productive than are our moresandy soils in the Willamette, but more muddy in winter. I have seen stage coach wheels so filled with this mud, that not a spoke could be seen. Now if Umpqua people ever hear that I said this, some of them may possibly be angry because I told it. But I set out to tell the truth, good and bad, and in the language of Old Hickory—"By the Eternal," I *will*. Umpqua has advantages enough to be able to throw in the mud.

### ROGUE RIVER VALLEY

Comes next, south of Umpqua. I judge this valley is some larger than the Umpqua. It has less rain, and is one of the best timbered and watered valleys in Oregon. It suits many people better than any other portion of the State. It produces all the grains, grapes, fruits and vegetables that grow in Umpqua or the Willamette, and is said to be better for corn. It claims to have already produced over fifteen millions from

its gold mines, and every little while I hear of something new having been discovered there in the shape of lime, or sand-stone, marble, quartz, gold, stone-coal, or an astounding development of some kind that sets us all to wondering, and retires Roseburg to the shade, as the prolific queen of sensation items. On the whole, Rogue River Valley bids fair to become a very valuable and attractive part of Oregon. The "drawbacks" in this valley are, people sometimes get sick and die. If they don't die soon enough, now and then up rises a chap like Stokes and shoots at some fellow. I do not think, however, that they ever kill any body they shoot at in Rogue River. Whether this poor shooting ought to be reckoned as a "drawback" or not, I cannot now decide.

### MIDDLE OREGON,

Or that portion of the State between the Cascade Mountains on the west, and the Blue Mountains on the east, is a high rolling plain, stretching from the Columbia River over two hundred miles south, and having an average width of perhaps one hundred and forty or one hundred and fifty miles. These plains are watered by occasional streams which course through them, having their sources in the mountains on either side. The plains are covered with a bunch grass much thinner on the ground than the grass in Western Oregon. The grass is so nutritious, even when dry enough to burn, as it always is in summer, that stock fattens on it as fast apparently as it would if turned into a field of ripe oats. In places water is scarce, and in some localities I hear stock raisers drive their cattle a long way to water. It rains but little here in winter, and though at long intervals they have much colder weather than we have in Western Oregon. Snow very seldom hides the grass beyond the reach of stock. Gold mines in this region have already added about twelve million dollars to the world's circulating medium. It is said to be a superior country to the Willamette Valley for grapes, peaches, sweet potatoes and melons. The air is so dry that it is a favorite resort for such as have asthma, rheumatism, or consumption. In its wild grasses are vast sums of money. People turn this grass into gold very readily by first converting it into horse flesh, beef, mutton and wool. Along the foot of each chain of mountains, are occasionally rich little valleys where stock raisers produce hay, grain, fruits and vegetables. This country has several "drawbacks." One is the scarcity of timber, and sometimes water in the interior, though all along the mountain sides there is an exhaustless supply of soft wood, and some scrubby oak.

Another "drawback" is, the soil of these plains is a little impregnated with an alkali in places, which is said to injure wool. The wool, I believe, sells for as much as our wool does, and some insist that it is just as good. I am told by good judges, and I believe it, that Middle Oregon wool is not generally as strong in fiber as the wool produced in Western or Eastern Oregon. Another "drawback" is, its remoteness from market, just now, and the failure of the people there to get, as yet, a breed of cattle and sheep that can eat snow, and keep fat when once in a great while they have a snow that covers up the grass for several days, and perhaps weeks at a time.

### EASTERN OREGON

Lies east of the Blue Mountains. The Grand Ronde Valley, the cream of this section, is well watered by mountain streams, the soil is excellent, and timber is found on abundance on the mountain sides all around the valley. Grand Ronde is said to contain about two hundred and seventy-five thousand acres of good farming lands. La Grande, in this valley, is a lively town, having about nine hundred inhabitants, churches, a high school, a United States Land Office, stores, etc. There are gold mines in Eastern Oregon which have been profitably worked. Powder River Valley, and the valley on Burnt River, have some settlements, and the hills and mountain sides all around these valleys are covered with grass that makes this country an excellent stock raising region.

I am now done with my description of Oregon. I have exaggerated nothing. I have given to nothing a false coloring. If the half that I have said be true, is it not a much superior country to the Atlantic slope? If our Pilgrim Fathers had landed at the mouth of the Columbia, or the Golden Gate, instead of Plymouth Rock, can any man believe that their posterity would ever have settled the country east of the Rocky Mountains, as long as they could get land enough here to keep them from starvation? The terrible cold, the excessive heat, the frightful hurricanes, the long winters, and the thousand and one other "drawbacks" over there, would have turned back the tide of emigration from this coast, as long as there was ground enough here for a man to stand on. Providence wisely ordered, that in settling America, the most uninviting part of it should be settled first, and settled by a people whose austere manners, rugged constitution, and Calvinistic theology, better harmonized with the discouraging features the new world presented, than they would have done with more delicate organizations reared on this coast. The Pacific Coast

was reserved for an improved posterity. In closing, I will, out of a thousand representations of the kind I might quote from, only refer to statements made by two prominent men, who, in passing through the Willamette Valley in September, 1869, expressed their belief that Oregon was the best State in the Union. William H. Seward, in addressing the people of Salem, said: "It is in Oregon, so far as I am able to determine, and no where else, that the Pacific climate, with its cold summers and mild winters, embraces and produces a higher and more varied fertility than is elsewhere realized. The fruits of Oregon are unsurpassed in quality and unequalled in abundance. Wheat and other cereals grow and ripen here almost without care, as abundantly as they do with the use of irrigation in Utah, while the native soil, everywhere covered with fern and annual flowers, provokes the farmer to the cultivation of the potatoe and other esculent roots. What acquaintance I have made with the adventurous miners, descending the Columbia River, satisfies me that if it were possible for the labourer to fail in other occupations, he would even in that case find an abundant reward in the gold deposits of the mountains. The useful metals and minerals abound everywhere, while a vast hydraulic power, invaluable under all circumstances, and indispensable in new communities, is distributed throughout all parts of the State." Mr. Colfax, in a speech delivered at the same time, in describing his descent from the mountains, said: "We looked down upon your magnificent Willamette Valley, the garden-spot of the northwest—and feasted our eyes upon as charming a landscape as ever painter's pencil placed upon canvas. I know you are proud of this valley. I do not wonder at it. It is all you need wish it to be, and it promises a grand future for this part of the coast. I was much impressed to-day with the thought of how little I understood of this country when I looked upon the maps of it in my boyhood years. The country then had not been explored; almost nothing was then known of its geography, much less of its resources and fitness for settlement. Besides your numerous other fertile valleys I saw before me between these two ranges of mountains, a valley from thirty to fifty miles wide, and one hundred and fifty miles long, traversed throughout its entire length by a beautiful river with many tributaries at advantageous distances which Providence designing for some great purpose did not permit, like the Columbia, to escape through some mountain gorge to the ocean, but caused to thread its way along this noble valley to furnish a water communication, and an exhaustless water power for the people who were to find homes upon its banks. Already it is the home of thousands, and who can doubt that it is destined



to be the home — the happy home of hundreds of thousands of people who shall come to help build up this far off State of the Republic? And let me add one thing more. I can say most truthfully, that of all the States in which I have traveled from one end of the Republic to the other (and I have traveled in all of them) I know of no State that offers such inducements to the poor man, if he can arrive here, as this State of Oregon, upon whose soil I am speaking to-night."

## ROUTES AND COST OF GETTING TO OREGON.

### BY STEAMSHIP.

From New York to San Francisco, first class (currency) .....	\$125 to \$170
Second class .....	60
Children under twelve years half price.	
One hundred pounds of baggage free to each person.	

### BY OVERLAND RAILROAD.

Portland, Oregon, via Redding and Junction (O. & C. R. R.), first class.....	\$140 . .
Second class, for emigrants .....	88
From Omaha to Portland, via San Francisco, first class.....	130
Second Class, for emigrants .....	65
From Atlantic seaboard to Portland, Oregon, via San Francisco, for emigrants.....	51
From Atlantic seaboard to Portland, via Redding and Junction (O. & C. R. R.).....	78
There is still another route by the way of the	

### IDAHO AND COLUMBIA RIVER.

Passengers over this route would leave the cars at Elkton, Utah Territory, and take the stage for Wallula, Oregon, coming down the Columbia River by steamers from Wallula to Portland. This is a very pleasant and speedy route, and the more than Switzerland beauty, and grandeur of the scenery on the way, would compensate a man of fine taste, for a journey half way round the world.

The cost of travel by this route at present is,

From New York city to Portland, Oregon, first class (currency) .....	\$183
From Boston .....	185
From Chicago .....	161
From Omaha .....	143
Fifty pounds of baggage free.	

I have given you, and your neighbors, a sufficiently full and accurate description of this country to satisfy the curiosity of all who desire information about Oregon. The journey to this country is now made at little sacrifice of comfort and money, compared with what we suffered in early times, when we crossed the continent with ox teams, and were six months among Indians, without seeing the abodes of civilization. If such a country as I have described would suit you, come along; but if you think you would be happier in your old age, solitary and alone among the snow drifts of the Atlantic slope, stay where you are. Your children are coming to settle on this coast whether you come or not. There is to be another New England over here, and that at no distant day from the completion of the North Pacific Railroad. The great strife that will in the mean time be going on here will be for a choice of homes.

Respectfully,

W. L. ADAMS.

### RAIN-FALL AT DIFFERENT LOCALITIES.

COMPILED BY I. R. MOORES.

*The following tables were compiled from the Annual Report of the Chief Signal Officer to the Secretary of War for the year 1872, showing the place of observation and amount of Rainfall in inches, with the average mean temperature for Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, with the extremes :*

PLACE.	LATITUDE.	Rainfall in inches.	Mean Temperature.				Extremes.
			Spr.	Sum.	Aut.	Win.	
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	39° 06'	37.48	54.1°	77.9°	58°	33.3°	44.6°
Davenport, Iowa.....	41° 30'	41.49	48.6	74.7	50.9	23.8	50.9
Grand Haven, Mich....	43° 05'	33.94	40.3	67.9	48.8	22.9	45
Indianapolis.....	39° 42'	37.55	51.3	76	54.7	28	48
Knoxville, Tenn.....	35° 56'	44.03	57	75.7	57.4	36.1	39.6
Leavenworth, Kan.....	39° 21'	48.21	52.6	78	54.2	26.7	51.3
*Louisville, Ky.....	38° 00'	38.67	55.1	77.2	58.1	34.9	42.1
Memphis, Tenn.....	35° 08'	43.17	60.7	80	61	39	41
New York.....	40° 42'	46.28	47.3	74.7	53.3	30.7	44
New London, Conn....	41° 22'	49.61	43.6	71.2	51.6	27.7	43.5
Philadelphia.....	39° 57'	42.11	48.4	75.7	54.8	31.2	44.5
Portland, Me.....	43° 40'	42.32	39.1	65.9	47.6	22.8	43.1
†Portland, Ogn.....	45° 30'	41.35	50.7	66	52	39.3	26.7
Rochester, N. Y.....	43° 08'	29.51	40	69	48.3	23.5	45.5
St. Paul, Minn.....	44° 53'	31.27	40.7	69.1	44.2	15.1	54
St. Louis, Mo.....	38° 37'	31.50	54.7	76.9	56.8	30.4	46.5
Washington, D. C.....	38° 53'	28.50	53.3	79.1	55.7	33	46.1

\*10 mos. Rain gauge not in position January and February, 1872.

†11 mos. " " " " October, 1871.

Eola, Ogn. (four miles from Salem), T. B. Pearce, Observer.

1870.  $44^{\circ} 56' 37.11$   $46^{\circ} 16' 49.36$   $3^{\circ} 27.7^{\circ}$

1870.	44	38	31.11	48	68	48	38.3	21.1
1871.		"	40.84	46	68	49.3	36.3	31.7

1871.		48.84 48	68	48.3	38.3	31.7
1872.	"	37.90 49	64.3	49	39.3	25

## ERRATA.

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- On page 15, read *alder*, instead of *elder* saw logs.
- On page 16, read *vine* maple for *pine* maple.
- On page 25, read *mortality* for *morality*.
- On page 30, read *or* instead of *on* the waters of Puget Sound.
- On page 31, read *four hundred thousand* pounds of wool instead of *forty thousand*.
- On page 32, read *eighty-eight to eighty-nine*, instead of *eighty to eighty-nine* cents.
- On page 42, read *two hundred and sixty-seven thousand and twenty-five* head of stock.
- On page 43, read *S. G. Reed*, for *J. G. Reed*.
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NOTE.—For fear an incorrect idea, regarding the politics of our people, should be drawn from the statement on page 34, that they "vote for Grant," I deem it but just to say, that our present State Government is in the hands of the Democracy, and that while Grant got more votes last fall than Greeley, he got four hundred and ninety-nine less votes than the Democratic candidate for Congress received in June previous. The politics of Oregon may be truthfully set down as "mixed."

W. L. A.





PRICE, - - \$6 50 per 100.

## INDORSEMENTS OF THIS WORK:

### "OREGON as IT IS."

The pamphlet, descriptive of Oregon and its resources, written by Hon. W. L. ADAMS, of Portland, will be ready for distribution in a few days. We understand that ten thousand copies of this pamphlet have been printed at the "BULLETIN" office. We have three good reasons for believing that this will be a very useful publication for distribution at the east:

1. Mr. Adams' long residence in the country, and his careful habits of observation, give assurance that he knows as much about Oregon as any person in it.

2. His well-known integrity will prevent his overdrawing the picture in any particular.

3. His plain style will render the pamphlet attractive to just the class of people who will be likely to read it, and just the class that Oregon most needs to swell her population.

We commend the work, without hesitation, to all who wish to give or receive reliable information concerning our State. We understand that parties in Oregon wishing for copies of this work to send to their friends East, can procure them of Messrs. Ferry, Woodward & Co., Portland — *Willamette Farmer*, Salem, Oregon.

The foregoing indorsement was published in the *Farmer* before the pamphlet was printed.

STATE OF OREGON, EXECUTIVE OFFICE,  
SALEM, April 7, 1873.

Hon. WM. L. ADAMS, Portland, Oregon, Sir: I have examined your pamphlet entitled "Oregon as it is," and will say that, in my judgment, it sets forth the character of the climate, soil, productions, and general health of this State, without exaggeration, either with reference to advantages or disadvantages.

Very respectfully yours,

L. F. GROVER,

Governor of Oregon.

I concur in the above statement.

S. F. CHADWICK,

Secretary of State of Oregon.

OFFICE OF OREGON STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,  
PORTLAND, OREGON, March 20, 1873.

Hon. WM. L. ADAMS — Dear Sir: Just on the eve of my leaving Portland for San Francisco, I was handed, by a friend, a portion of the proof sheets of a letter on Oregon, written by you. I understand this letter is being printed in pamphlet form, for distribution among residents of eastern states, who may wish reliable information about this country. I am glad you have written this work. I deem it a fair and impartial description of Oregon — just such a production as I should have expected from your pen, judging from my intimate personal acquaintance with you for more than twenty years. I think no man coming to Oregon, from your representations of it, can possibly be disappointed in the country.

Very respectfully, etc.,

J. C. AINSWORTH,

President O. S. N. Co.

PORTLAND, OREGON, April 8, 1873.

Hon. W. L. ADAMS — Dear Sir: I have read with care advance sheets of your pamphlet on Oregon, and take pleasure in commending the accuracy of its statements. It contains a faithful summary of the natural resources of our state, and the great advantages it offers to settlers; the whole written in an animated and attractive style. Such a publication will be of great service to Oregon, there can be no doubt.

Very truly yours,

H. W. SCOTT,

Collector of Customs, Portland.